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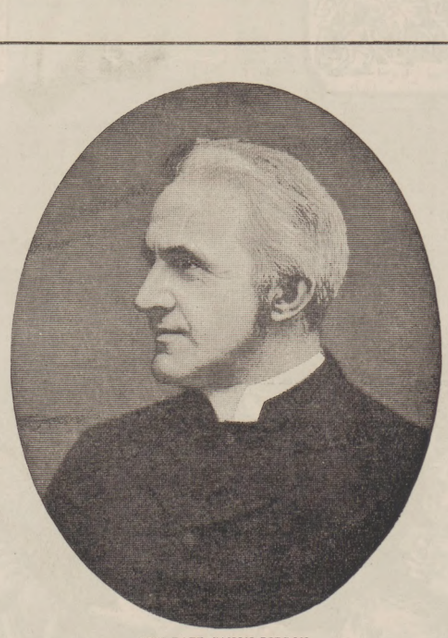
PERSONAL POLITICS

The Earl of Derby.

I SEE a very hot controversy has arisen over Lord Derby's dictum the other day, that in the great fight of Labour versus Capital, which seems to go on as if it would never end, the State ought to make a ring and see fair play, but should not interfere in any overt way, beyond protecting individual rights. The saying was characteristic of the man. Lord Derby is one of the richest men in England (he is almost the owner of Bury, in Lancashire, and his property increases enormously in value every year), but there is always something sane and sound about him which you do not meet in men of far smaller interests, but with much more fervid imagination and of a much more timid temperament. I have always thought Lord Derby, with all his faults, was one of the very ablest men of his day—a typical British statesman. He might, no doubt, have cut a greater figure in politics than he has done, but for reasons to which perhaps it would be unkind to allude, for, with all Lord Salisbury's gifts and graces, he is inferior to the Lancashire Earl in knowledge, in level-headedness, and in genuine all-round capacity for statesmanship. Lord Derby will never be an orator, for he talks as if he had hot potatoes in his mouth, but he is most emphatically a leader of men. He showed that on the Sweating Commission, whose report is really due to his master hand. I wish he took more regular interest in affairs, for, much as one disagrees with his views on many questions, one doubts whether, since Lord Palmerston, many Englishmen have arisen better suited to steer the ship of State in troubled times.

The Late Canon Liddon.

I cannot say that my own experience of Canon Liddon, in whom the English Church has, I suppose, lost its greatest preacher, was very extensive. I heard him preach both at Oxford and St. Paul's, and, though occasionally I found myself laid under the spell of his sonorous eloquence and his fine presence and personality, I did not regard him as an ecclesiastical figure at all comparable to Dean Stanley and Cardinal Newman. Stanley's sermons, too, seemed to go closer into the heart of the matter, to wind more deeply and persuasively into their subjects than did Canon Liddon's. Fine and often matchless at times as their form undoubtedly was, they were often very long, and this fault increased rather than diminished with age, so that at times the last quarter or twenty minutes of a Liddon discourse found the greater part of the congregation restless and weary. However, it was a high, heroic strain at its best, and there was that touch of personal magic which is needed in order to convey the impression of a greater preacher. Liddon never became a Bishop, owing, it is said, to the opposition of the Queen, whom he offended by some outspoken utterances at Windsor, and I do not think that the Canon, whose health was never very strong, really desired the appointment. Privately he was the most amiable of men, and he was a special favourite of parties of working-men whom he used to delight in showing over St. Paul's, and who always received from him the most delicate attention and courtesy. His clear-cut face and the aquiline nose and the clear eyes I see figured very distinctly as I recall them in St.



THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

From Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.'s "Men of Mark" Gallery of Contemporary Portraits.

Paul's pulpit. He was a Liberal in politics, a close friend of Mr. Gladstone, and took a keen interest in the Bulgarian agitation and in Mr. Gladstone's policy which grew out of it. He took a lively interest also in social questions, though he was a little alarmed at the progress of Socialism proper, and the aggressive attitude of some in the new labour movement.

Death of M. Joffrin.

By the way, I am grieved to note the death of the French politician, with whom, though I cannot claim him as a friend, I had some brief acquaintance. This was Joffrin, the leader and orator of the small body of moderate progressive socialistic working-men calling themselves Possibilists. Joffrin was, in his time, a fine speaker, with an excellent voice and a ready flow of rude eloquence. When I last saw him, he was one of a party of members of the Paris Municipality—the County Council of the great French capital. He kindly showed me over the magnificent reception-halls, committee-rooms, ball-rooms, and tapestry-hung corridors in which the Paris Municipality finds such a splendid home. He was then disfigured by a terrible scar on the side of his face, which bore the marks of a recent operation for cancer, which had reduced his once fine voice to an indistinct mumble. Joffrin played a leading part in the Commune, but of late years he devoted himself almost entirely to political work, consisting of the organisation of Paris labour, the establishment of a labour bureau, and a score of useful offices of this character which the municipality has performed for the workers whose interests it very fairly represents. He was not a remarkable man, either to look at or to speak to, but he had a simple, honest face, which attracted and held one's sympathy. He was always a very poor man, and I think his sole means of subsistence was the very trifling allowance for expenses and other matters which he received from the Hôtel de Ville. He was generally known as the John Burns of Paris, and he occupied much the same position towards the workers.

Henry Irving.

I see, by the way, a revival of the rumour—which I suppose has arisen apropos of Mr. Irving's new play—that the great Lyceum actor is about to seek Parliamentary honours. I believe there is absolutely no truth in the report. Mr. Irving, like all intelligent men, does take some interest in politics, and, as he is a member of the Reform Club, he would no doubt call himself a Liberal. I do not think, however, he has mentally fought out the great question of Gladstonianism versus Unionism. He has, however, a very strong admiration of Lord Hartington, whom he regards as a sort of typical British Statesman. But Irving is to the tips of his fingers an artist, and he looks at all questions, political or other, from an artistic point of view. His few recreations consist of a chat and a smoke with his friends at one or two actors' or literary clubs which he frequents. What I should say of him is that, being a man of the world, he knows politics as he knows everything else, but he is never likely to care for them sufficiently to allow them seriously to divide his affections from his art.

The Fabian Society.

I wonder how many of my readers have heard of the Fabian Society. Well, the Fabian Society is an energetic young body of English Socialists of the middle class, who call themselves practical politicians, don't expect the Revolution to be proclaimed to-morrow, and who between them deliver an infinite number of lectures at their headquarters — which have now been removed from Willis's Rooms to Bloomsbury Hall—in Liberal and Radical clubs all over the Metropolis, in drawing-rooms, and, indeed, wherever the spirit calleth them. They consist mainly of young men who have given ten or twelve years of their lives to the study of political economy in its latest aspects, and in investigating all industrial and economic problems from a practical point of view. The most practical, as also, perhaps, the best-known, exponent of their views is Mr Sidney Webb, a man about thirty-four years of age, who is Professor of Political Economy in the City of London College, and who possesses an extraordinary capacity for assimilating facts, and remarkable gifts of speech, while he is also, perhaps, one of the most accomplished wire-pullers in London. Behind him stands Mr. Bernard Shaw, the musical critic of the *World*, an artist to the tips of his fingers, vegetarian, original, wit, and one of the ablest ten-minutes speakers in London. Mr. Graham Wallas, a young Oxford man, thoroughly interesting and admirable lecturer, is also a force in Fabianism. Mr. William Clarke, who hails from Cambridge, and is a particularly incisive lecturer and speaker, is another very active figure. Mrs. Besant does a good deal of work, and a new powerful recruit has just been obtained in that popular scientist Mr. Grant Allen, whose defection from individualism Herbert Spencer sadly mourns. Finally comes Mr Bland, part author of a number of popular novels and short stories, with which most Londoners are familiar. He and his wife are both Fabians—for men as well as women are members—and she is the author of many charming poems which appear under the signature of "E. Nesbit." Mr. Stopford Brooke is also a member of the Fabians, and so is the Rev Stewart Headlam, the Radical parson who believes in the ballet and the working-man. Altogether it is a very interesting knot of propagandists, who undoubtedly of late have acquired a degree of political power of which in their wildest flights of fancy they have never dreamed.

The Fabian Society is now opening out a new venture. This is

A Series of Lectures,

not simply in London, to which they have so far mainly confined themselves, but in Lancashire. They propose to deliver this series, extending over September and October, in Rochdale, Oldham, Barnsley, Manchester, Preston, Blackpool, Miles Platting, Prestwich, and elsewhere. They will address themselves—as they have done in London—to such topics as the Eight Hours Bill, co-operation, the political programme for the workers, the organisation of labour, land taxation, and the definition of Socialism, and to the common objections—social, economical, and moral—which are urged against it. The onslaught will be especially interesting, in view of the split which has taken place between the old and the new Unionism in Lancashire. The Fabians stand, of course, for the new Unionism, and, as many of them are very combative as well as very able young men, we may expect some tolerably lively encounters.

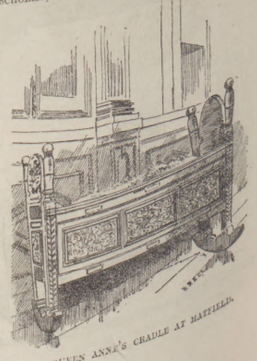
THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

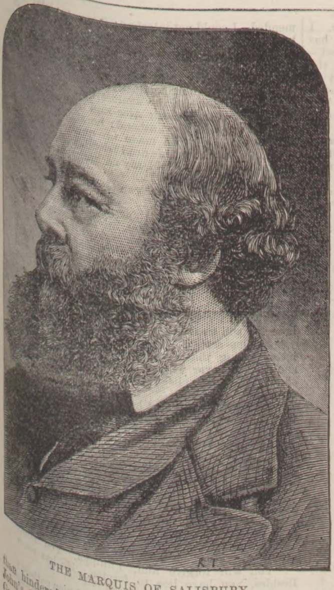
The Marquis of Salisbury,

while absent from England to recruit his health, graciously grants permission to view Hatfield House, one of the most interesting Historic abodes in England. One of the associations that has most recently availed itself of this privilege is the sociable brotherhood of the Upper Norwood Athenæum. The members, under the guidance of their respected chief, Mr. M. Pope, visited Hatfield for the second time on the Sixth of the month, and found it very instructive and entertaining to follow the venerable retainer who acted as cicerone, and who appeared to be quite at home in describing the invaluable portraits of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, the Cromwell Room, the magnificent Chapel, and the various relics of Queen Bess. It was after a collation at the Red Lion Hotel that Mr. Pope regaled his fellow-members with a carefully prepared historic account of our Prime Minister's favourite residence. I copy the following particulars of Lord Salisbury's ancestry from Mr. Pope's excellent narrative :—

"Take Lord Burleigh first, as he was of some note. He, as William Cecil, was born at Bourne in Lincolnshire, in September 1521. Brought up as a great scholar, he was twice married to wives of very great learning, daughters of great scholars, which relationship advanced rather



QUEEN ANNE'S CRADLE AT HATFIELD.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

than hindered his own learning, both at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards at Gray's Inn, where he studied for the Bar. The first wife's father was Sir John Cheek, tutor to Edward VI., the second was daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, King Edward's schoolmaster.

"In beginning public life, he had several and rapid promotions, the high office of Custos Rotulorum of the Common Pleas; the first who bore the title of Master of Requests, and one of the Secretaries of State. He was then knighted and sworn on the Privy Council. All these high offices came to him through the patronage of the Duke of Somerset, uncle and Lord Protector of Edward VI.

"At the King's death he was one of those Privy Councillors who declared for Lady Jane Grey, but Queen Mary hardly resented this beyond dismissing him from all his offices; she often consulted him towards the latter part of her reign, because of his great wisdom.

"It was when Elizabeth quitted Hatfield as a prisoner to ascend the throne as Queen that she elevated him, restoring him to his post as Secretary of State, and making him Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, vacant since the death of Cardinal Pole, and in 1571 he was created Baron of Burleigh in reward of his fidelity and services.

"A writer has said to him: 'If we should mention all the occurrences of that glorious reign, we would rather seem to write Elizabeth's life than Cecil's.'"

Miss Von Finkelstein,

the tall fair traveller who is thoroughly at home in Jerusalem, starts the autumn lecturing season



LYDIA M. VON FINKELSTEIN.

From a Photograph by W. Goodfellow, 179, *Regent-street.*

next Monday evening, at the Croydon Public Hall, by delivering for the first time in England her singularly able discourse on "Ecce Homo; or, Cradle, Cross, and Crown"; and is to follow it up next night with her lecture on "Life in Jerusalem." I am happy to make this announcement, as Miss Von Finkelstein returns to us with a remarkably good Australian record. Her visits to the Holy Land render her narrative of the life of Christ peculiarly interesting and valuable. She and her assistants wear costumes bought in Jerusalem to impart "local colour" to the stage during her lecture. She is of Sclavonic origin; was born and brought up in Jerusalem; and her "living pictures of Oriental life" are bound to command admiration throughout the country.

Canon Liddon.

From the days when Pericles pronounced that wonderful oration over the fallen Athenians to these in which Canon Liddon held an immense congregation spell-bound in St. Paul's, oratory has always been held as one of the grandest of human gifts. And it was, perhaps, because he possessed that gift in a greater measure than any other contemporary preacher that men of all ranks and all creeds have united so sincerely during the past few days to mourn the loss of Henry Parry Liddon. By the side of that earnest voice thrilling the listener to the recesses of our huge London cathedral, Mr. Spurgeon's oratory often seemed hard and metallic, and Archdeacon Farrar's thin and inadequate. There were points at which Mr. Spurgeon went more directly to the heart, and times when you found a greater charm in the Westminster divine; but as a whole, alike in manner and in matter, and, above all, in classic literary expression, you felt that the deceased Canon was greatest of them all. There are, indeed, many who would give the palm to the Bishop of Peterborough, but, on the whole, it is safe to say that in our day Canon Liddon has been the finest, as he has assuredly been the most popular, of preachers. He was educated at King's College, where Mr. Frederic Harrison remembers him as a quiet, saintly, reserved boy. At Christ Church, Oxford, he came naturally under the influence of the Tractarian movement when it had somewhat spent itself, and when sides for and against Dr. Pusey had been definitely taken. Liddon was with Pusey, and for some years he had been engaged in preparing his master's correspondence for publication. His fame opened in the pulpit of Cuddesdon, but in 1866 Liddon was appointed Bampton Lecturer, and his sermons "On the Divinity of Jesus Christ" created a profound impression. Since 1870 he has been a Canon of St. Paul's, and why he has never—enjoying the friendship of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone,

Both High Churchmen,

it will be remembered—reached the episcopal bench will, perhaps, ever remain a mystery. His funeral in St. Paul's was attended by men and women of all ranks, who recognised not only his great gifts but his sterling qualities as a man.

A Young Poetess

gifted with a richly imaginative style, Miss Kate Bishop, a pretty, sparkling, blue-eyed girl, has for some time contributed to the *People* a series of poems and ballads full of sympathy and charm, under the pseudonym of "Kay Bee." Miss Bishop, greatly daring, has just issued her first volume, entitled "A Life's Requiem; and other Poems" (3s. 6d.: Marlborough and Co., 51, Old Bailey, E.C.) It is a book of remarkable merit for so comparatively youthful a writer, and redounds to the credit of Miss Kate Bishop, who was born at St. Mary's Isle, Scotland, in 1869, and has lived in North Wales, in Sussex, and in Northampton. Dedicated in verse to Mr. George R. Sims, these poems, replete with hearty sympathy for the heroes and heroines of humble life, cannot fail to touch a responsive chord in the breast of many who commiserate the poor and lowly in their courageous struggles through life. An orphan, bright-eyed "Kay Bee" herself fights the battle of life with conspicuous pluck and cheerfulness; and I sincerely hope her first volume of clever poems (one of which, "Life in the Old Horse yet," has already been set to music, and sung in public) will have the large sale it eminently deserves.

THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

The great event of the season for earnest dramatic students, Mr. Henry Irving's artistic production of Mr. Herman Merivale's new version of Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," named "Ravenswood," will be sure to draw an overflowing audience to the Lyceum this (Saturday) evening. Gloriously fine, sunny weather may (if it lasts, as I trust it will, for the sake of the lucky ones away basking in the balmy Summer air) tempt us incarcerated Londoners to the Seaside. But Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Mackintosh, and Mr. William Ferris, and the Lyceum Company bid us stay. For one evening, we shall not be sorry. Plays are nowhere mounted and produced so artistically as they are at the Lyceum by Mr. Irving, who has in Mr. Hawes Craven the most gifted of living scene-painters, a poet of the brush whose work is not likely to be eclipsed, even in the memory of those who recollect the wonderful stage-pictures which became the talk of the town when the late M. Fechter brought out his superb romantic version of the same novel. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are certain to delight us one and all.

Mr. E. S. Willard has been making good use of his last nights at the Shaftesbury Theatre (where Mrs. Lankester-Wallis will be presently due in Mr. Robert Buchanan's new piece). To the delight of his many friends and admirers, he has revived Mr. Henry A. Jones's admirable drama "The Middleman," winning the sympathy of everyone once again by his masterly representation of Cyrus Blenkarn, and adding a fresh charm to the play by engaging Miss Winifred Emery for the moving part of the heroine. Rather late in the day—but better late than never—I must offer my meed of praise to Mr. Willard for the enjoyable afternoon he gave us when he appeared in "The Violin Makers" and "The Deacon," a new comedy sketch of the Church and Stage Guild order, by Mr. H. A. Jones. It is probable that Mr. Willard contemplates performing in



MR. WILLARD AS FILIPPO.

these two capital little plays in America, as a relief in some measure from the hard work of "Judah" and "The Middleman," each a great strain upon his powers. In any case, he cannot fail to arouse interest both in "The Violin Makers" and in "The Deacon." In Mr. H. Berlyn's adaptation of François Coppée's gem of a piece, "Le Luthier de Crémone," Mr. Willard plays the part of the hump-backed Filippo with such feeling and natural pathos that the figure of the self-sacrificing violin-maker who vainly loves his master's daughter stands out as one of his best creations. So with



MR. WILLARD AS ABRAHAM BOOTHROYD.

his characteristic embodiment of the bearded Chipping Padbury bacon-factor, who is charmed from intolerant hatred of the stage into an enthusiastic love for "Romeo and Juliet," when he sees the tragedy performed by a young actress who is betrothed to his nephew, and who turns out to be the child of his own long-lost daughter. An effective two-act play, effectively played, not only by Mr. Willard in the chief part of Abraham Boothroyd, but also by Mrs. F. H. Macklin, whom I have never seen to such advantage as I did in the rôle of Mrs. Bofingbroke, the captivating, retired actress, who wheedles the prim bacon-factor into going to the theatre, and into retrying matrimony with her.

When Mr W. Freeman Thomas has done delighting the musical public with the popular Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden, Signor Lago will take up the running at this grand Opera House with a season of Royal Italian Opera, which ought to be very successful, seeing that we are to have an autumn season in which Discord will probably be the prevailing note—I refer to the November Session of Parliament. Signor Lago is marshalling his operatic forces with the aid of an experienced operatic hand, Mr. J. D. McLaren, who was with him at Covent-Garden before.

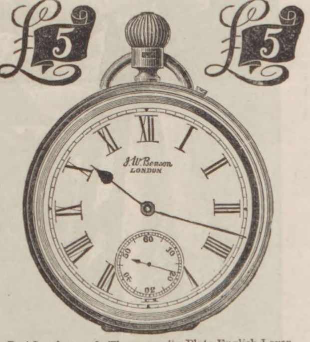
Lacking Mr. Charles Wyndham's personal supervision, Mr. Bronson Howard's comedy of "Truth" (called so because it is based on flagrant lies!) lacked that touch-and-go lightness essential to such gossamer pieces when it was revived at the Criterion. But there's plenty of laughter in "Lies"—beg pardon: "Truth"—while Mr. W. Blakeley is on the stage.—There's to be a professional matinée of "The Solicitor" (at which the Prince laughed heartily), by favour of Miss Melnotte, at Toole's, next Monday.—Mr. W. S. Penley, inimitably droll in "The Judge," now makes the rafters of the Opéra Comique ring with laughter, Miss Cissy Grahame having transferred this amusing piece, altered for the better, thither from Terry's Theatre. THESPIS.

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ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER XXV.

TO FORGET IT ALL.

WHEN Philippa read the announcement in the *Times*, she held her breath for a space. It was at breakfast. Her father was reading the news; she was looking through that column which interests us all more than any other. Her eye fell upon her cousin's name. She read, she changed colour, she read again. Her self-control returned. She laid down the paper. "Here," she said, "is a very astonishing announcement!" A very astonishing announcement indeed!

An hour later she called upon Armorel at her rooms.

"You are left quite alone in consequence of this—this amazing revelation?"

"Quite. Not that I mind being alone. And Effie Wilmot is coming."

"Nothing in the world," said Philippa, "could have astonished me more. It is not so much the fact of the marriage—indeed, my cousin's name was mentioned at one time a good deal in connection with hers—but the dreadful duplicity. He sent her to you—she came to us—as a widow. And for three years they have been married! Is it possible?"

"Indeed," said Armorel, "I know nothing. She left me without a cause, and now I hear of her marriage. That is all."

"My dear, the thing reflects upon us. It is my cousin who has brought this trouble upon you."

"Oh! no, Philippa! As if you could be held responsible for his actions! And, indeed, you must not speak of trouble. I have had none. My companion was never my friend in any sense: we had nothing in common: we must have parted company very soon: she irritated me in many ways, especially in her blind praise of the man who now turns out to be her husband. I really feel much happier now that she has gone."

"But you have no companion—no chaperon."

"I don't want any chaperon, I assure you."

"But you cannot go into society alone."

"I never do go into society. You know that nobody ever called upon Mrs. Elstree—or Mrs. Feilding, as we must now call her. There are only two houses in the whole of this great London into which I have found an entrance—yours and Mr. Jagenal's."

"Yes; I know now. And most disgraceful it is that you should have been so sacrificed. That also is my cousin's doing. He represented his wife—it seems difficult to believe that he has got a wife—as a person belonging to a wide and very desirable circle of friends. Not a soul called upon her! The world cannot continue to know a woman who has disappeared bodily for three long years, during which she was reported to have been seen on the stage of a country theatre. What has she been doing? Why has she been in hiding? It was culpable negligence in Mr. Jagenal not to make inquiries. What it must be called in my cousin others may determine. As for you, Armorel, you have been most disgracefully and shamefully treated."

"I suppose I ought to have had a companion who was recognised by society. But it seems to matter very little. I have made one or two new friends, and I have found an old friend."

"It is not too late, of course, even for this season. Now, my dear Armorel, I am charged with a mission. It is to bring you back with me—to get you to stay with us for the season and, at least, until the summer holidays. That is, if you would be satisfied with our friends."

"Thank you, Philippa, a thousand times. I do not think I can accept your kindness, however, because I feel as if I must go away somewhere. I have had a great deal of anxiety and worry. It has been wretched to feel—as I have been made to feel—that I was in the midst of intrigues and designs, the nature of which I hardly understood. I must go away out of the atmosphere. I will return to London when I have forgotten this time. I cannot tell you all that has been going on, except that I have discovered one deception after another"——

"She is an abominable woman!" said Philippa.

"On the island of Samson, at least, there will be no wives who call themselves widows, and no men who call themselves"—painters and poets, she was going to say, but she checked herself—"call themselves," she substituted, "single men, when they are already married."

"But, surely you will not go away now—just at the very beginning of the season?"

"The season is nothing at all to me."

"Oh! But, Armorel—think. You ought to belong to society. You are wealthy: you are a most beautiful girl: you are quite young: and you have so many gifts and accomplishments. My dear cousin, you might do so well, so very well. There is no position to which you could not aspire."

Armorel laughed. "Not in that way," she said. "I have already told you, dear Philippa, that I am not able to think of things in that way."

"Always that dream of girlhood, dear? Well, then, come and show yourself, if only to make the men go mad with love and the women with envy. Stay with us. Or, if you prefer it, I will find you a companion who really does belong to the world."

"No, no; for the present I have had enough of companions. I want nothing more than to go home and rest. I feel just a little battered. My first experience of London has not been, you see, quite what I expected. Let me go away, and come back when I feel more charitable towards my fellow-creatures."

"You have had a most horrid experience," said Philippa. "I trembled for you when I learned who your companion was. I was at school with her, and—well, I do not love her. But what could I do? Mr. Jagenal said she had been most strongly recommended—I could not interfere: it was too late: and besides, after what had happened, years before, it would have looked vindictive. And then she has been rich and is now poor, and perhaps, I thought, she wanted money: and when one has quarrelled it is best to say nothing against her. She said she I knew nothing definite against her. Besides, was a widow—my cousin Alec said that he had been an old friend of her husband: he spoke of having helped him. Oh! he made up quite a long and touching story about his dead friend. So, you see, I refrained, and if I could say nothing good, I would say nothing bad."

"I am sure that no one can possibly blame you in the matter, Philippa."

"Yet I blame myself. For if I had caused a few questions to be asked at first, all the lies about the widowhood might have been avoided."

"Others would have been invented, and I don't suppose her stay here will have done any real harm. As for her, to go masquerading as a widow and to tell a thousand lies daily can hardly do any woman much good. Have you made up your mind how you will treat her if you should meet?"

"She has settled that question. She wrote me a letter saying that she has behaved so badly that she wishes never to see me again. And if we should meet she begs that it will be as perfect strangers."

"Really—after all that has been done—that is the very least"——

"So we are to meet as strangers. I suppose that will be best. It would be impossible to ask for explanations. Poor Zoe! One does not know all her history. She told me once that she had been very unhappy. I have heard her crying in her room at night. Perhaps, she is to be more pitied than blamed. It is her husband whom I find it difficult to forgive and to forget. He is like a nightmare: he cannot be put so easily out of mind."

"Unfortunately, no. I, who have thought of him all my life, must continue to think of him."

"You will forgive him, Philippa. You must. Besides, you have less to forgive. He has never offered his hand and heart to you."

Philippa blushed a rosy red, and confusion gathered to her eyes, because there had, in fact, been many occasions when things were said which—— Armorel was sorry that she had said this.

"You mean, Armorel, that he actually—did this—to you?"

"Yes. It was only the other day—the morning after we read the play. He came to the National Gallery, where I often go in the morning, and, in one of the rooms, he told me how much he loved me—words, however, go for nothing in such things—and kindly said that marriage with me would complete his happiness."

"Oh! He is a villain—a villain indeed!" Her voice rose and her cheek flushed. "Forgive him, Armorel? Never!"

"Considering that it was only a day or two before he was going to announce in the paper the fact that he had been married for three years, it does seem pretty bad, doesn't it?"

"And you, Armorel?"

"Fortunately, I was able to dismiss him unmistakably."

"Oh!" Philippa cried in exasperation. "My cousin has been guilty of many treacherous and base actions; but this is quite the worst thing that I have heard of him—worse even than sending you his own wife, under a false name and disguised with a lying story on her lips. No, Armorel; I will never forgive him. Never!" Her eyes gleamed. "Never!" It trembled. She meant what she said. "Never!" It is the worst, the most wicked thing he has ever done, because he might have succeeded."

"I suppose he meant to get something by the pretence."

"He wanted, I suppose, to have it reported that he was going to marry a rich girl. I had heard he was continually seen with you. And I had also heard that he had confessed to an engagement which was not to be announced. My father has found out that his affairs are in great confusion."

"But what good would an engagement of twenty-four hours do for him?"

"Indeed, I do not understand. Perhaps, after all, he had allowed himself to fall in love—but I do not know. Men sometimes seem to behave like mad creatures, with no reason or rule of self-control, as if there was no such thing as consequence and no such thing as the morrow. I do not understand any-thing about him. Why are his affairs in confusion? He had, to begin with, a fortune of more than twelve thousand pounds from his mother: his pictures latterly commanded a good price. And, he paints, is supposed to be doing a great deal into society. He horses and goes a great deal into society. keeps perhaps, his wife has been a source of expense to him. But it is no use trying to explain or to find out things. Meantime, to you, his conduct or his own simply outrageous. A man who sends his own wife as companion to a girl, and then makes love to her—is—my dear, there is no other word—he is a villain. Armorel felt that she I will never forgive him!" would keep her word. This pale, calm, self-contained Philippa could be moved to anger. And again she heard her companion's soft voice murmuring, "My dear, the woman shows that she loves him still."

"Fortunately for me," said Armorel, "my heart has remained untouched. I was never attracted by him; and latterly, when I had learned certain things, it became impossible for me to regard him with common kindliness. And, besides, his pretence and affectation of love were too transparent to deceive anybody. He was like the worst actor you ever saw on any stage—wooden, unreal—incapable of impressing anyone with the idea that he meant what he said."

"I wonder how far Zoe—his wife—knew of this?"

"I would rather not consider the question, Philippa. But, indeed, one cannot help. And, at first, thinking about it, and I am compelled to believe that she was his servant and agent throughout. I believe she knew very well. money from me if she could, and that she knew of his intentions as regards me, and that she must have consented."

"She would excuse herself on the ground of being his wife. For their husbands seem women of anything. Perhaps she worships him. Armorel very likely, overshadows and awes him. Armorel smiled, but made no objection to this conjecture. "Some women worship the genius as if it was the man himself. Some women worship the genius quite apart from his genius. I used to worship Alec long before he was discovered to be a genius at all. When I was a schoolgirl, Alec was my knight—my



"Is it not time," she asked, "that this should cease?"

[Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

Galahad—purest-hearted and bravest of all the knights. There was no one in the world—no living man, and very few dead men—Bayard, Sidney, Charles the First, and two or three more only—who could stand beside him. He was so handsome, so brave, so great, and so good, that other men seemed small beside him. Well, my hero passed through Cambridge without the least distinction: I thought it was because he was too proud to show other men how easily he could beat them. Then he was called to the Bar, but he did not immediately show his eloquence and his abilities: that was because he wanted an opportunity. And then I went out into the world, and made the discovery that my hero was in reality quite an ordinary young man—rather big and good-looking, perhaps—with, as we all thought then, no very great abilities. And he certainly was always—and he is still—heavy in conversation. But he was still my cousin, though he ceased to be my hero. He was more than a cousin—he was almost my brother: and brothers, as you do not know, perhaps, Armorel, sometimes do things which require vast quantities of patience and forgiveness. I am sure no girl's brother ever wanted forgiveness more than my cousin Alec."

Her face, cold and pale, had, in fact, the sisterly expression. Philippa's enemies always declared that in the composition and making of her the goddess Venus, who presumably takes a large personal interest in the feminine department, had no lot or part at all. Yet certain words—the late companion's words—kept ringing in Armorel's ears: "My dear, the woman loves him still. She has never ceased to love him."

"There was nothing to forgive at first," she went on: "on the contrary, everything to admire. Yet his career has been throughout so unexpected as to puzzle and bewilder us. Consider, Armorel. Here was a young man who had never in boyhood, or later, shown the least love or leaning towards Art or the least tinge of poetical feeling, or the smallest power as a *raconteur*, or any charm of writing—suddenly becoming a fine painter—a really fine painter—a respectable poet, and an admirable story-teller. When he began with the first picture, there grew up in my head a very imaginative and certain set of ideas connecting the painter's mind with his Art. I saw a grave mind dwelling gravely and earnestly on the interpretation of nature. It seemed impossible that one who should so paint sea and shore should be otherwise than grave and serious."

"Impossible," said Armorel.

"What we had called, in our stupidity, dulness, now became only seriousness. He took his Art seriously. But then he began to write verses, and then I found that there was a new mind—not a part of the old mind, but a new mind altogether. It was a mind with a light vein of fancy and merriment: it was affectionate, sympathetic, and happy: and it seemed distinctly a feminine mind. I cannot tell you how difficult it was to fit that mind to my cousin Alec—it was like dressing him up in a woman's ill-fitting riding-habit. And then he began those stories of his—and, behold! another mind altogether!—this time a worldly mind—cynical, sarcastic, distrustful, epigrammatic, and heartless—not at all a pleasant mind. So that you see I had four different minds all going about in the same set of bones—the original Alec Feilding, handsome and commonplace, but a man of honour: the serious student of Art: the light and gay-hearted poet, sparkling in his verses like a glass of champagne: and the cynical man of the world, who does not believe that there are any men of honour or any good women. Why, how can one man be at the same time four men? It is impossible. And now we have a fifth development of Alec. He has become—at the same time—a creature who marries a wife secretly—no one knows why: and hides her away for three years, and then suddenly produces her—no one knows why. What does he hide her away for? Why does she consent to be hidden away? Then, the very day before he has got to produce his wife for all the world to see—I am perfectly certain that she herself forced him to take that step—he makes love to a young lady, and formally asks her to marry him! Reconcile, if you can, all these contradictions."

"They cannot possibly be reconciled."

"We have heard of seven devils entering into one man; but never of angels and devils mixed, my dear. Such a man cannot be explained, any more than the Lady Melusina herself."

"Do not let us try. As for me, I am going to forget the existence of Mr. Alec Feilding, if I can. In order to do this the quicker I mean to go home and stay there. Come and see me on the island of Samson, Philippa. But you must not bring your father, or he may be disappointed at the loss of his ancestral hall. To you I shall not mind showing the little house where your ancestors lived."

"I should like very much—above all things—to see the place."

"I will bribe you to come. I have got a great silver punch-bowl—old silver, such as you love—for you. You shall have a choice of rings, a choice of snuff-boxes. There is a roll of lace put away in the cupboard that would make you a lovely dress. It will be like the receiving of presents which we read of in the old books."

"I will try to come, Armorel, after the season."

Armorel laughed.

"There is the difference between us, Philippa. You belong to the world, and I do not. Oh! I will come back some day and look at it again. But it will always be a strange land to me. You will leave London after the season; I am leaving it before the season. Come, however, when you can. Scilly is never too hot in summer nor too cold in winter. Instead of a carriage you shall have a boat, and instead of a coachman you shall have my boy Peter. We will sail about and visit the Islands: we will carry our midday dinner with us: and in the evening we will play and sing. Nobody will call upon you: there are no dinner-parties, and you need not bring an evening dress. The only audience to our music will be my old servants, Justinian and Dorcas his wife, and Chessun and Peter the boy."

There were no preparations to make: there was nothing to prevent Armorel from going away immediately. She asked Effie to go with her. She opened the subject in the evening, when she and her brother and Roland were all sitting together in her drawing-room by the light of the fire alone, which she loved. They were thoughtful and rather silent, conscious of recent events.

"While we were in Regent-street this afternoon, Effie," said Armorel, "I was thinking of the many happy faces that we met. The street seemed filled with happiness. I was wondering if it was all real. Are they all as happy as they seem? Is there no falsehood in their lives? The streets are filled with happy people. The theatres are filled with happy faces: society shows none but happy faces. It ought to be the happiest of worlds. Have we, alone, fallen among pretenders and intriguers?"

"They are gone from you, Armorel. Can you not forget them?" Effie murmured.

"I seem to hear the murmuring voice of my companion always. She whispers in her caressing voice, 'Oh! my dear, he is so good and great! He is so full of truth and honour. Will you lend him a thousand pounds? He thinks so highly of you. A thousand pounds—two thousand pounds—if I had it to lay at the feet of so much genius!' And all the time she is his wife. And in my thoughts I am always hearing his voice, which I learned to hate—laying down a commonplace. And in my dreams I awake with a start, because he is making love to me while Zoe listens at the door."

"You must go away somewhere," said Roland.

"I shall go home—to my own place. Effie, will you come with me?"

"Go with you? Oh! To Scilly?"

"To the land of Lyonesse. I have arranged it all, dear. Archie shall have these rooms of mine to live in: you shall come with me. It is two years since you have been out of London: your cheeks are pale: you want our sea-breezes and our upland downs. Will you come with me, Effie?"

She held out her hand. "I will go with you," said the girl, "round the whole world, if you order me."

"Then that is settled. Archie, you must stay because your future demands it. I met Mr. Stephenson yesterday. He told me that he is in great hopes about the play, and that, meantime, he will be able to put some work into your hands."

"You are always thinking about me," said Archie.

"Come to us in the summer. Take your holiday on Samson. Oh! Effie, we will be perfectly happy. We will forget London, and everything that has happened. Thank Heaven, the rubies are gone! I will send a piano there: we will carry with us loads of books and music. We will have a perfectly lovely time, with no one but ourselves. Roland will tell you how we will live. You will do nothing for a time, while you are drinking in the fresh air and getting strong. Then—then—you shall have ideas—great and glorious ideas—and you shall write far, far better poetry than any you have attempted yet."

"And, meantime—we who have to remain behind?" asked Roland. "What shall we do when you are gone?"

It takes longer to get to Penzance than to Edinburgh, because the train ceases to run and begins to crawl as soon as it leaves Plymouth. The best way is to take the nine-o'clock train and to travel all night. Then you will probably sleep from Reading to Bristol: from Bristol to Exeter: and from Exeter to Plymouth. After that you will keep awake.

In this way and by this train, Armorel and Effie travelled to Penzance. Effie fell asleep very soon, and remained asleep all night long, waking up somewhere between Lostwithiel and Marazion. Armorel sat up wakeful the whole night through, yet was not tired in the morning. Partly, she was thinking of her stay in London, the crowning of her apprenticeship five years long. Nothing had happened as she had expected. Nothing, in this life, ever does. She had found the hero of her dreams defeated and fallen, a pitiable object. But he stood erect again, better armed and in better heart, his face turned upwards.

Partly, another thing filled her heart and made her wakeful.

Roland and Archie came with them to the station.

"Shall I ever be permitted to visit again the Land of Lyonesse?" whispered the former at the window just before the guard's whistle gave the signal for the train to start.

She gave him her hand. "Good-bye, Roland. You will come to Scilly—when you please—as soon as you can."

He held her hand.

"I live only in that hope," he replied.

The train began to move. He bent and kissed her fingers.

She leaned forward. "Roland," she said, "I also live only in that hope."

PART II.—CHAPTER XXVI.

NOT THE HEIR, AFTER ALL.

The storm expended itself. The gale cannot go on blowing: the injured man cannot go on raging, cursing, or weeping. Alec Feilding became calm. Yet a settled gloom rested like a dark cloud upon his front: he had lost something—a good part—of his pristine confidence. That enviable quality which so much impresses itself upon others—called swagger—had been knocked out of him. Indeed, he had sustained a blow from which he would never wholly recover: such a man could never get over the loss of such a fortune: his great-grandfather, so far as could be learned, lost his fortune and began again, with cheerful heart. Alec would begin again, because he must, but with rage and bitterness. It was like being struck down by an incurable disease: it might be alleviated, but it would never be driven out: from time to time, in spite of the physicians, the patient writhes and groans in the agony of this disease. So from time to time will this man, until the end of time, groan and lament over the wicked waste and loss of that superb inheritance.

Of course he disguised from himself—this is one of the things men always do hide away—the fact that he himself was part and parcel of the deed: he had destroyed himself by his own craft and cunning. Had he not placed his wife with Armorel under instructions to persuade and coax her into advancing money for his own purposes, the thing could never have happened.

Henceforth, though the pair should have the desire of their hearts: though they should march on to wealth and success: though the wife should invent and contrive with the cleverness of ten for the good of the firm: though the husband should grow more and more in the estimation of the outer world into the position of a Master and an Authority: between the two will lie the memory of fraud and crime, to divide them and keep them apart.

On the day after the revelation a thought came into the mind of the inheritor of the rubies. The thing that had happened unto him—could he cause it to happen unto another? Perhaps one remembers how, on learning that the rubies were to be given to the eldest grandson of the second daughter, he had dropped, limp and pale, into a chair. One may also remember how, on learning that no further investigation would be made, he recovered again. The fact was, you see, that Mr. Jagenal had made a little mistake. His searchers had altered the order of the three sisters. Frances, Alec Feilding's grandmother, was not the second, but the third daughter. When the rubies were actually waiting and ready for him, it would have been foolish to mention that fact, especially as no further search was to be made, and the elder branch, wherever it was, would never know anything of the matter at all. Therefore, he then held his tongue.

Now, on the other hand, the jewels being worthless, he thought, first of all, that it would look extremely scrupulous to inform Mr. Jagenal of the discovery that his grandmother was really the third daughter: next, if the other branch should be discovered, the fortunate heir would, like himself, be raised to the heavens only to be dashed down again to earth. Let someone else, as well as himself, experience the agonies of that fall. He chuckled grimly as he considered the torments in store for this fortunate unknown cousin. As for danger to his wife, he considered rightly that there was none: the stones had been consigned to the bank by Armorel, and in her own name: she signed an order for their delivery to Mr. Jagenal: he had kept them in his safe. They would certainly lie there some time before he found the new heir. Nay. They had been in his custody for five years before he gave them over formally to Armorel. Who could say when the robbery had been effected? Who would think of asking the bank whether, during the short time the parcel was held in the name of Armorel, it had been taken out? Clearly the whole blame and responsibility lay with Mr. Jagenal himself. He would have a very curious problem to solve—namely, how the rubies had been changed in his own safe.

"Well, Alec, come to take away your rubies?" asked Mr. Jagenal, cheerily. "There they are in that safe."

"No," he replied sadly. "I am grieved indeed to say that I have not come for the rubies. I shall never come for the rubies."

"Why not?"

"Because they are not for me. According to your instructions, I have no claim to them."

"No claim?"

"I understand that Miss Rosevean intends to give these jewels to the first representative of the family of Robert Fletcher. That is to say, to the eldest grandchild of the first, second, or third daughter, as the case may be?"

"That is so."

"Very well. The eldest daughter left no children. You therefore sent for me as the eldest—and only—grandchild of the second daughter?"

"I did."

"Then I have to tell you that you are wrong. My grandmother was the third daughter."

"Is it possible?"

"Quite possible. She was the third daughter. I was not very accurately acquainted with that part of my genealogy, and the other day I could not have told you whether I came from the second or the third daughter. I have since ascertained the facts. It was the second daughter who went away to Australia or New Zealand, or somewhere. I do not know anything at all about my cousins, but I think it very unlikely that there are none in existence."

"Very unlikely. What proof have you that your grandmother was the second daughter?"

"I have an old family bible—I can show it you, if you like. In this has been entered the date of the birth, the place and date of baptism, the names of the sponsors of all three sisters. There is also a note on the second sister's marriage and on her emigration. I assure you there can be no doubt on the subject at all."

"Oh! This is very disastrous, my dear boy. How could my people have made such a mistake? Alec, I feel for you—I do, indeed!"

"It is most disastrous!" Alec echoed with a groan. "I have been in the unfortunate position of a man who is suddenly put into the possession of a great fortune one day, and as suddenly deprived of it the next. Of course, as soon as I discovered the real facts, it became my duty to acquaint you with them."

"By George!" cried Mr. Jagenal. "If you had kept the facts to yourself, no one would ever have been any wiser. No one, because the transfer of the property is a sheer gift made by my client to you without any compulsion at all. It is a private transaction of which I should never have spoken to anyone. Well, Alec, I must not say that you are wrong. But many men—most men perhaps—with a less keen sense of honour than you—well—I say no more. Yet the loss and disappointment must be a bitter pill for you."

"It is a bitter pill," he replied truthfully. "More bitter than you would suspect."

"You will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have behaved in this matter as a man of the strictest honour."

"I am very glad, considering all things, that I have not had the rubies in my own possession, even for a single hour."

"That is nothing: of course they would have been safe in your hands. Well, Alec, I am sorry for you. But you are young: you are clever: you are succeeding hand over hand: pay a little more attention to your daily expenses, put down your horses and live for a few years quietly, and you will make your own fortune—ay, a fortune greater far than was contained in this unlucky case of precious stones."

"I suppose you will renew your search, now, after the descendants of the second daughter?"

"I suppose we must. Do not forget that if there are no descendants—or, which is much the same thing, if we cannot find them in a reasonable time, I shall advise my client to transfer the jewels to the grandson of the third daughter. And I hope, my dear boy—I hope, I say, that we may never find those descendants."

Alec departed, a little cheered by the consolation that he had passed on the disappointment to another.

He went home, and found his wife in the studio, apparently waiting for him. There were dark rings round her eyes. She had been weeping. Since the storm they had not spoken to each other.

He sat down at his table—it was perfectly bare of papers—no sign of any work at all upon it—and waited for her to begin.

"Is it not time," she asked, "that this should cease? You have reproached me enough, I think. Remember, we are on the same level. But, whatever I have done, it was done for your sake. Whatever you have done, was done for your own sake. Now, is there going to be an end to this situation?"

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Understand clearly—if I am to help you for the future: if I am going to pull you through this crisis: if I am to direct and invent and combine for you, I mean to be treated with the semblance of kindness—the show of politeness at least."

He sat up, moved by this appeal, which, indeed, was to his purse—that is, to his heart.

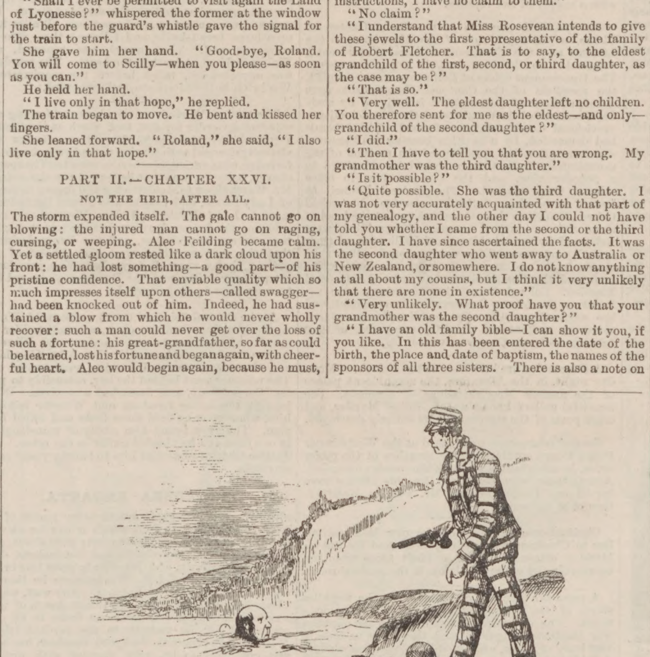
"I say, my husband," she repeated, "you must understand me clearly. Again, what I have done was done for you—for you. Unless you agree to my conditions it shall have been done—for myself. I have four thousand pounds in the bank in my own name. You cannot touch it. I shall go away and live upon that money—apart from you. And you shall have nothing—nothing—unless"——

"Unless what?" He shook off his wrath with a mighty effort, as a sulky boy shakes off his sulks when he perceives that he must, and that instantly. He threw off his wrath, and sat up with a wan semblance of a smile, a spectral smile, feebly painted on his lips. "Unless what, Zoe? My dear child, can you not make allowance for a man tried in this terrible fashion? I don't believe that any man was ever so mocked by Fortune. I have been crushed. Yes, any terms, any condition you please. Let us forget the past. Come, dear, let us forget what has happened." He sprang to his feet and held out his arms.

She hesitated a moment. "There is no other place for us now," she murmured. "We are on the same level. I am all yours—now."

Then she drew herself away, and turned again to the table. "Come, Alec," she said, "to business. Time presses. Sit down, and give me all your attention."

(*To be continued.*)



OUR OLD FRIEND GOES OUT FOR AN "EARLY IN THE MORNING SWIM," AND GETS IT.

ESCAPED CONVICT: "I am armed and desperate. I have never yet shed human blood, but I must have your suit of clothes to disguise myself. What do you say?" (Cocks pistol.)

OUR OLD FRIEND (without a moment's hesitation): "Help yourself, my dear fellow, help yourself! I can stay in the water just as well as not; in fact, I'm used to it. See?" (Dives.)

AT THE ATHLETIC CLUB WINDOW.

ALFY: "It's hard work looking out at the girls this hot weather."

Regy: "Ya-as! but one must take some exercise."

ONLY WORK FOR ONE.

CLERK: "Does it take you an hour to go around the corner?"

Boy: "A man dropped a penny down a hole in the side-walk."

Clerk: "And it took you all this time to get it out?"

Boy: "Yes, Sir. I had to wait till the man went away."

MADE THE TEACHER FEEL GOOD.

AUNT: "Didn't you get another thrashing in school to-day?"

Johnny: "Yes, indeed I did; but it didn't hurt a bit."

Aunt: "Did you cry?"

Johnny: "Yes, I bellered like everything; but I only did it to humour the teacher."

A PROPER SEASONING.

BRIGGS: "What has Robinson got on that pepper-and-salt suit for?"

Griggs: "I understand that he is going to be a missionary."

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS

SOUTHAMPTON DOCKERS' STRIKE.

THE deplorable conflict between the Dock Company and dockers of Southampton happily ended on Monday. But on the Wednesday night of last week there occurred some scenes of violence, which we illustrate, from the sketches of an eye-witness, as lessons to both parties in these lamentable labour disputes. On the day in question the dockers on strike showed their determination by placing themselves on the rails crossing Canute-road, and preventing an engine entering the docks from the railway-station. They also stopped a train intended for the Isle of Wight traffic, but received an assurance from the Isle of Wight Company that none of their steamers should be used for the purpose of importing labour into the port. The officers of the various steamers were not allowed to enter the docks. A special meeting of the magistrates of the borough was held, the Mayor presiding. The question was raised whether it was advisable to call out the military. It was decided to do so, and that a letter be sent to the officer commanding at Portsmouth asking for 250 men to be sent. Mr. Eldridge, the magistrate's clerk, went by special train to Portsmouth, and saw the General in command of the district, who telegraphed to the Horse Guards for permission to send troops. This was granted, and the news came that the troops had been dispatched by the 6.15 train.

Two companies of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry arrived at Southampton from Portsmouth at eight o'clock, and cleared the approaches to the docks. Later on they effected a wider clearance by playing on the crowd with a fire-engine. After this an attempt was made by a cab-load of men to break the lines, but the soldiers prevented this, and, it is stated, killed the horse.

About ten o'clock at night matters became more lively, and the Mayor deemed it necessary to read the Riot Act, which he did twice over at the dock gates, and again at the South-Western corner. The soldiers stood two deep, backed by a double line of policemen, and the dockers, becoming infuriated, began to throw stones. Lieutenant Abercrombie received one of these on the nose, the bridge of which was broken. He was taken to the South-Western Hotel, and visited by the regimental surgeon, there being an ambulance in attendance. The Mayor received a severe blow in the leg, and while attending to his injury received the intelligence from Head-Constable Clay that the rioters intended to proceed to Grosvenor-square and wreck his house, and that some military and police had been sent thither for protection. The rumour was so far true that they proceeded to his Worship's business establishment in East-street, broke the windows, and did other damage. Meanwhile the military were extending their sphere of operations, but did their spiriting discreetly, using their rifles butt-upwards, as illustrated by a *P.I.P.* Artist. They cleared the road as far as Radley's Hotel, where the wider roadway prevented entirely efficient operations.

We are glad to say the lock-out at Southampton terminated at noon last Monday, and that the Dock Company and all the other companies, with the exception of the Royal Mail and the Union, had taken on the requisite number of hands. It was believed that by to-day all differences would be settled. The South-Western Company have presented the men who stood by them in the strike with 10s. each, and the officers with £1 each. Messrs. Jeffery and Sons gave to each of their men who did not strike 5s., in addition to their wages. They have also promised the men £2 10s. a year as long as they are in their employ, to be drawn weekly or otherwise as the men wish. On Monday Mr. Sprow, local organiser of the recent strike, was brought before the magistrates charged with intimidating the crew of the La Plata. He was committed for trial at the Quarter Sessions, for which, however, at his own request, the Assizes were substituted. Bail was allowed.

There has been fine and warm weather on Deeside lately, says the *World*, and the Queen has been making almost daily excursions to the various châlets and cottages in the Royal forests, and a picnic to Loch Callater was in contemplation. On Friday week her Majesty drove through Braemar, accompanied by Lady Churchill, and went up Glen Clunie as far as Fraser's Bridge, returning by Invercauld along the Lion's Face.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria of Wales, and the Duke of Fife visited the Queen at Balmoral last Sunday afternoon. Her Majesty afterwards drove with the Princess of Wales.

The Queen has invited, or is about to invite, the Queen of Roumania to pay her a visit at Balmoral, and I hear, says *Atlas*, that the Prince of Wales has written to Queen Elizabeth expressing his great regret that he and the Princess cannot have the pleasure of entertaining her at Sandringham, as they will not be there during her Majesty's stay in England.

The Queen of Roumania had an enthusiastic reception on Monday at Carnarvon.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale (who reached York early last Monday morning from Mar Lodge) met with a hearty reception in the evening at Abergavenny, and made a neat speech in reply to the address of welcome presented to him.

The Duke of Edinburgh and suite visited the Avenue Theatre last Monday evening to witness the performance of "Dr. Bill." The Duke next day assumed his command at Plymouth.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) left Kensington Palace on Saturday, for Overstrand, Cromer, on a visit to Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., and Mrs. Cyril Flower.

The Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by General Viscount Wolseley and Major-General Sir Redvers Buller, was present on Monday at an interesting engagement in which all the troops taking part in the cavalry manœuvres in Berkshire were engaged.

An immense crowd assembled at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday to witness the funeral of Canon Liddon. The burial service was read by Canon Gregory, but the Bishops of Oxford, Salisbury, and Truro were also present. The immense congregation waited to take in turn a farewell look at the coffin, which had been deposited in a grave near Dean Milman's in the crypt. The coffin bore the inscription, "Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral. Born Aug. 28, 1829. Died Sept. 9, 1890. R.I.P."

The King of Portugal has completely recovered from his recent illness.

Madame Carnot, the deservedly popular wife of the President of the French Republic, last Monday gave a garden party in compliment to her neighbours at Fontainebleau. The weather was delicious. Dancing went on with spirit in the Henri II. Gallery, all the young officers of the Ecole d'Application having been invited. Madame Carnot wore a striped moss-green and yellow dress, and a hat trimmed with briony leaves, having the russet tinge of autumn.

The Duchesse d'Uzès has told a representative of a Paris paper that she provided General Boulanger with three millions of francs—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds—for his election and other expenses. The money was to be repaid when the Monarchy was re-established; but she had received neither an acknowledgment nor a bill indorsed by the Royalist Committee. The Duchess expressed her inability to understand General Boulanger. She thought he had had several good opportunities for action, and had thrown them away.

One of the features of the coming theatrical season in Paris will be the appearance of Madame Bernhardt as Cleopatra. She states that she intends to dye her hair black, and her neck and arms are to assume the dusky hue of a native Egyptian, though Cleopatra was of Greek, not of Egyptian, extraction. She also intends nightly to have herself killed, theatrically, by a live snake, and has contracted with a serpent-catcher at Fontainebleau to provide her with a supply of live reptiles.

The political disputes in the Swiss Canton of Ticino, on the south side of the Alps, between the Liberals and the Conservative Local Government, culminated on the 11th inst. in a popular rising. The Government offices at Bellinzona were occupied, the members of the Cantonal Government were seized, and one of them shot, it is believed by accident, and out of the members of the Municipality a provisional Government was formed. The Liberals had demanded, by a petition bearing ten thousand signatures, that the question of the revision of the Constitution of the Canton should be submitted to a popular vote, and the Conservatives in office refused this demand. The Federal Council at Berne, on hearing of the insurrection, dispatched Colonel Künzli as their Commissioner, at the head of about fifteen hundred troops. The soldiers were welcomed by the inhabitants of Bellinzona on their arrival, and tranquillity was restored. But they evidently do not believe in autocrats in Switzerland, and the Commissioner has ordered a General Election. Colonel Künzli has obtained from reinstating the former Conservative Government, and has assumed provisionally the direction of affairs, aided by a Cantonal Ministry composed of two Liberals and two Conservatives.

A destructive fire broke out at ten o'clock on Monday night, in the Alhambra, the magnificent palace of the ancient Moorish Kings of Granada. The beautiful gallery known as the Hall of Myrtles, and other parts of the structure, were entirely destroyed.

Several summonses were heard at the Westminster Police Court, on Monday, for breaches of the rabies order, by allowing dogs to be in the streets unmuzzled. Among those who were fined for this offence were Sir Henry De Bathe and Mr. Charles Hawtrey, theatrical manager.

Chalfont-road Station, on the new Metropolitan line to Chesham, was entirely destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon. The accident arose from the overturning of a paraffin lamp in the porters' room.

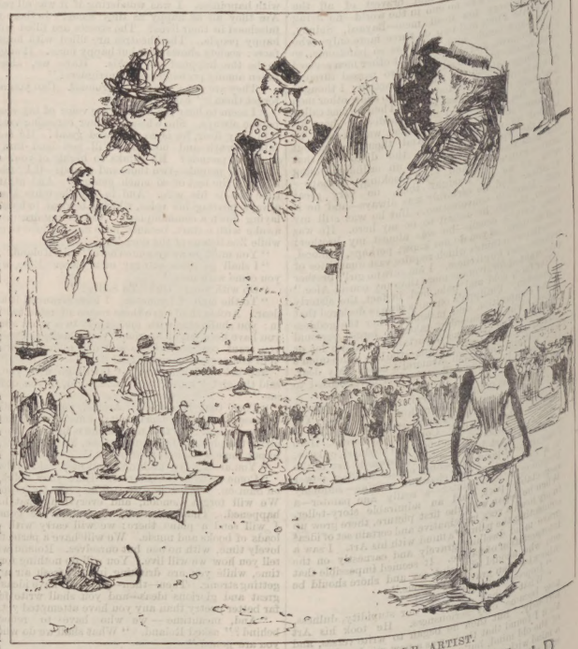
A great fire occurred on Monday at the naphtha stores of the Metropolitan Railway, Farringdon-street. The accumulated vapour from the naphtha was accidentally ignited, and there was at once a vast body of flame, and several explosions succeeded. A bridge crossed right over the seat of the fire, and the intense heat arising from the burning naphtha, and a current of gas which had also ignited, dangerously affected the iron girders, which partially collapsed, while there was some subsidence in the roadway. The railway traffic was impeded, and it is thought that another bridge will have to be constructed.

The reports published by the United States Government of the harvest in that country show that, upon the average of all crops, there has never been a worse year than the present one. Single cereals have been worse in previous years, but this year all kinds of crops exhibit a greatly diminished yield.



A MODERN PROPOSAL.

MR. G. HACKENSACK DUMLEY (who has long been waiting an opportunity, thinks his time has come at last): "Er—Miss Evangeline—er—um—how would you like to be buried in our plot?"



SOUTHSEA REGATTA, SKETCHED BY A P.I.P. ARTIST.

Mr. Vaughan, sitting at Bow-street Police Court on the 11th, granted summonses against the proprietor and editor of the *Hawk* newspaper for libelling Miss Gladys Knowles, who recently recovered £10,000 damages against Mr. Duncan, of the *Matrimonial News*, by publishing, in French, an article copied from a newspaper printed in Paris. Mr. G. Lewis attended the court on behalf of the defendants, and did not resist the issuing of the summonses.

A shocking murder was committed at Plumstead early on Saturday morning. A quartermaster-sergeant in the Artillery, named Stewart, went home the previous night with a widow named Lyons, and occupied the woman's room. Her son Walter, aged twenty, a machinist in the Arsenal, arrived home after midnight, and, going into his mother's room, became enraged at finding the sergeant there. The man and woman got up, and went out. Walter took up a large bread-knife and followed them into an adjoining road. The quarrel was renewed, and Walter stabbed Stewart to the heart. The murderer was apprehended, taken before the magistrate at Woolwich in the afternoon, and remanded.

The trial of Weston, on the charge of forging and uttering an order for £50, took place at the Central Criminal Court on Sept. 13. The prisoner was virtually charged with forging not only the cheque referred to, but a variety of other documents. The specific charge, however, was that he forged the signature of Mr. Wertheimer to a cheque for £50 drawn in favour of Lady Dunlo, and that he also forged her indorsement. Lady Dunlo and Mr. Wertheimer gave evidence, the former denying that she had ever given the prisoner any cheque, and the latter declaring that the cheques which were the subject of the present charge were all forgeries. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the Recorder sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude.

At the Central Criminal Court, on Sept. 12, Walter A. Hargan, described as a clerk, was indicted for the murder of two men, named Lambert and Wheeler. A disturbance arose in a public-house in Kingsland, and these two men and another were turned out. The prisoner went behind the bar, ostensibly to protect the landlady, and flourished a revolver. When he left the house Lambert and Wheeler followed him, whereupon he fired three shots and killed both men. The jury found him guilty of manslaughter in one case, and he pleaded guilty in the other. Mr. Justice Charles sentenced him to twenty years' penal servitude.

SOUTHSEA REGATTA,

always a very enjoyable spectacle by reason of the wide extent of beach from which it can be viewed, and because of the numerous pretty girls about, with a fair sprinkling of redcoats and bluejackets, drew Mr. Dudley Hardy, and Mr. Hardy drew this bright water fête for the *P.I.P.* We presume he thought one good turn deserved another. Any way, we are pleased to be able to print his smart sketch of what was undoubtedly a relishable sea frolic to all concerned. From its vicinity to the verdant Isle of Wight and Portsmouth Dockyard, Southsea has been, and continues to be, very popular with autumn holiday-makers.

Accident to a Guardsman.—On Sunday Private Alfred Salford, of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin. He accidentally fell into the Liffey, and was rescued in an exhausted state. He was severely injured by the fall, and, although everything was done for him, death ensued.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Surrey Bicycle Club.

THE meetings of this club are invariably successful, be the weather what it may, so it is not surprising that, in the fine weather of Saturday last, several thousands (some say ten, others twelve) assembled to witness the racing, which was fitting of the occasion—that is, of a very high order. Riders are expected to make records—and who of them is not?—have had many vicissitudes at the Oval, rain, and consequently heavy ground, of course disposing of all chance of fast times. It is this feature that, of course, makes the lowering of grass records so much a matter of chance, good though the riders be, and every advantage was taken of the hard ground and absence of wind. As is invariably the case at this meeting, the quality was the best, and every event was fiercely contested, records going by the board. It is no injustice to others to say that the chief interest centred in the meeting of

F. J. Osmond and F. P. Wood

in the ten-miles race for the Surrey B.C. Fifty Guinea Cup. This race is one of the oldest institutions connected with bicycle-racing, and has been provocative of the very finest races that have ever taken place on turf. The late second cup winner, H. A. Speechley in 1885, a third in 1887, to F. Pirnivall, and now the fourth has gone to Osmond.

Both Osmond and Wood

had won the cup twice, so victory to either would give him the cup. J. H. Adams, Lewisham B.C., had won the cup once, exactly a year ago, upon which occasion he made the grass record for ten miles—namely, 31 min. 10 sec., but he was at Malstone, competing in the

Kentish Championship,

which he won, securing the twenty-guinea challenge cup for good.

The Race

was destined to be the reverse of the leading order, the first mile being covered in 2 min. 54 2-5 sec., while record-breaking began as early as the third mile, the leader, H. J. Howard, Essex C.C., being as much as 14 3-5 sec. ahead of the old record, made



WHY MISS LA GRANDE DID NOT BATHE.



W. C. JONES. Polytechnic C.C. Hero of the recent wonderful records, made on a REFEREE racer, fitted with Pneumatic tyres.

[SEE "THE WORLD OF PASTIME."]

four years ago. Osmond was supposed to have entered his speed on the high bicycle through sheer practice on a safety, but those who built upon this theory were very distinctly undeceived when it came to the last lap, for, in spite of the pace that had been maintained throughout,

Osmond had a Terrific Spurt in Him,

and won by quite twenty yards in 30 min. 39 3-5 sec., having covered the last mile in about 2 min. 56 sec., and the final quarter-mile in 35 sec., which is the "flying-quarter" record for grass. It should be mentioned that only ordinary (high) bicycles were allowed in this race. The winner received a gold medal, while Howard took the prize for leading in the greatest number of laps.

L. Stroude, of Oxford University and the London Athletic Club, very finely in the one-mile handicap for tricycles, in which he won his heat from the 110 yards mark in 2 min. 41 4-5 sec., or equal to 2 min. 45 sec., about. Had he been riding the full mile he must, therefore, have beaten the record, which is 2 min. 46 2-5 sec.

After his recent sensational record performances, it was only natural that

W. C. Jones,

of the Polytechnic C.C., should win the Sydney Challenge B.C. Trophy, which was presented to the B.C. by the Sydney (New South Wales) B.C. The race was one of five miles, for safeties, but pneumatic and cushion tyres were barred, as they were in all the events at this meeting. The race lay between R. A. Lloyd and Jones, Jones's speed at the finish giving him the victory.

A few months ago and 2 min. 30 sec. for a mile was deemed an almost impossible feat, but already one has got well inside that time to be regarded as fairly good for the first flight. For this the pneumatic tyre, the use of which causes the rider to feel as though he were riding on air (as he literally is), has to be thanked.

W. C. Jones's Marvellous Mile,

in 2 min. 20 2-5 sec., was mentioned in our columns, but recently were our pages in the hands of the publishers than the same rider performed an even greater feat in riding two miles in less than five minutes, his actual time being 4 min. 59 3-5 sec. This was on the evening of the 11th inst. Proceeding for another three miles, Jones lowered the records for four miles, and 12 min. 54 2-5 sec. for five miles. On Saturday

E. Leitch Rode a Mile

in 2 min. 38 1-5 sec., using pneumatic tyres, and would unquestionably have done very much better had he not slowed down on catching another rider, for whom he had, apparently, no inclination to make the pace.

The Cricket-Matches

which closed the week, although played between some of the best players we have, were not of the highest interest. The Australians, without Ferris, Jarvis, and Giffen, got together by the Hurst Park Club, at Molesey, where a splendid cricket arena has been laid out, though of course the wicket was no exception to such as are newly laid. It was not a very powerful team, but, nevertheless, it proved good enough to win by thirty-four runs, Mold's bowling proving dangerous on a "fiery" wicket. The public is interesting chiefly because it introduced to the ground a valuable addition to the cricket element in London and in Surrey. If it gives encouragement for more Surrey professionals, so much the better for the county. Maurice Read, who was caught at the wicket off Sharpe, and who was caught at the wicket off Sharpe in each innings, comes from Thames Ditton, in the neighbourhood. There are other far from despicable colts in the neighbourhood.

The other match was played at Hastings, as the first match of the Hastings Cricket Festival. Mr. W. W. Read was in fine form with the bat, making 94 and 52 (not out)—a good lift to his average. Abel did fairly well with 36 and 22, Lohmann contributing 40 and 17. For the North Gunn scored 37 and 40, A. Ward contributing 27 (not out) and 41 (not out). The finish was very exciting, the South just winning by nine runs, Lohmann bowling three wickets clean at the finish. Mr. F. R. Spofforth was playing for the North, but his bowling did not come off at all, his solitary wicket being that of his great chum, W. G. Grace, in the first innings.

Dalton

had beautiful weather on Friday, Sept. 12, for his

Swim from Blackwall to Gravesend.

There was no wind, while a powerful tide was under him. In spite of this he was much exhausted at the finish, and I wonder more than ever how he was able to swim three times the distance, battling with adverse tides and winds. The mysterious fifty pounds that was anonymously guaranteed was not forthcoming, but I should say that the "Bovril" people will not let him be out of pocket. A representative of this company was on board the attendant boat, and saw his extract duly administered.

As Dalton can afford to swim nearly twenty miles in the Thames for glory alone, as he asserts, surely it would pay him to try and win Mr. Henry Sampson's £100 for swimming from Dover to Calais. This would not be a question of swimming sixty miles, but more like thirty. Half swimming, half floating, on a powerful tide, from Blackwall to Gravesend proves very little. The feat has been negotiated by half a dozen people, while Miss Beckwith has done quite as good.

Lawn Tennis.

The pleasant meeting at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, called the

South of England Championships,

which always winds up the classical lawn-tennis season, was as successful as ever. In spite of the presence of several formidable players, including H. S. Barlow, who at various times has conquered the present champion, W. J. Hamilton, and E. W. Lewis, the challenge cup remained in the hands of that very pretty but uncertain player, A. G. Ziffo. The Ladies' Championship Cup was also retained by the holder, Miss May Langrishe, who has now been playing in public longer than any lady of the first class.

BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD

One feels somewhat unwilling to turn from

The St. Leger Week,

such a week as it was, and proceed to forget it, as one does racing nowadays at prodigious pace. Of course, it seldom occurs that in a big meeting unpleasantnesses that all desire wiped out of memory are missed. Such incidents, for instance, as

The Noble Chieftain Riot

at the close of the Sellinger day. Painful as it was to see the colours of so great an owner as Lord Penrhyn insulted, and his jockey needing protection from a furious populace, the incident, or something like it, had long been on the cards. For many months growlings had been not only deep but loud at the way in which, one day losers next day winners, certain swell stables run their horses. Noble Chieftain's form was, of all, far and away the most inconsistent, and, though

Major Egerton Chucked Him in

the little handicap he won, and so led to the trouble, he did not treat him more leniently than the previous day's ignominious display against Ransom justified. Lord Penrhyn has demanded a searching inquiry from the Jockey Club into the circumstances attending Noble Chieftain's running since he passed into his Lordship's possession. Anyone who takes the racing guides and gets out a table of the various performances by the noble animal will quickly see that, if the inquiry is to be in the direction of reconciling his races one with the other, there will be quite enough work to do.

News from One Stable

and another as to damage sustained by St. Leger horses reminds one quite of a roll-call after a battle. It is surprising what a lot of competitors in the big race came to harm in one way or another. Right Away limped off the course with a fetlock joint almost touching the ground. This was a natural breakdown—I mean to say, that weakness accounted for his giving way under racing strain. But there is a long list of horses who got into trouble while the mob were rounding the bend—a nasty, dangerous curve it is. Surefoot's chance was a little interfered with, but he was scarcely the worse for being struck into—at least, went all right at Russley. Heaume was cut about dreadfully. St. Serf was a sufferer, but not to the extent that Blue Green was. Queen's Birthday was knocked about very much, and Alloway bumped and roughed all over the place. Sainfoin came badly out of bumping, as a little horse naturally would.

The Winner Herself

was very sore and tender after her victory, and George Dawson was very lucky to get Memoir right enough to the post to score. She was, as I believe, almost lame at the start, but warmed to her work. To me, the most surprising part is to find the mare

Very Game Indeed.

You cannot expect staunchness from a filly wearing a hood and blinkers, more especially when you have seen her stop more than once. Gonsalvo's third caused a great rush to back him for

The Cesarewitch,

because he is very leniently treated in that handicap, and, besides, ran on like a thorough stayer in getting his place. I would not like to say that

Gonsalvo Cannot Win,

because on paper he has a wonderful chance. All the same, it is well to recollect that he did not beat Memoir nor Blue Green, who had been interfered with, while patent excuse is at hand for nearly all the fancied horses in the three-year-old race who finished behind him. There has been so little betting on the big handicaps this autumn that one hesitates to make selections, as might rather confidently be done in former seasons. I am rather prejudiced, perhaps, but I fail to see why Morion should be beaten by Gonsalvo, and, anyway, would far rather stand on

Alicante,

the French representative, who I know can stay; and, as she won a good race in France on Sunday, that tells us she must be in form. Papyrus is a light-weighted sticker, sure to gallop all the way. Fitz-Hampton may, after all, prove the best of Porter's. He was bought by Baron De Hirsch specially to win the Cesarewitch, if possible. Parlington can stay, so can Brackley. Shall We Remember will see a shorter price. Whichever of the two, Barmecide and The Rejected, is the stable's selection, will go close, I expect. If The Rejected can get the distance, he must be very dangerous. Tyrant may have a little too much weight. Peacebearer is backed by good people. Fallow Chat, on recent form, has not a 1000 to 1 chance; Fallow Chat, at her best, must about win. Lord Fingall is a much-fancied Irishman, now located at Newmarket under Ryan's care. Spell is nibbled at at 40 to 1. I rather fancy that Gonsalvo will stop the way for several of the three-year-olds which would have been backed but for Mr. Gretton's colt.

Signorina

cannot lose the Cambridgeshire, if she has quite recovered her form, as I am assured she has. Next to her I like Tostig, and then La Negligente. I will not say more about the race at present, except that La Negligente now looks like the best worth backing, because the price is good and she may come to a third of the odds. Her people bet very heavily indeed.

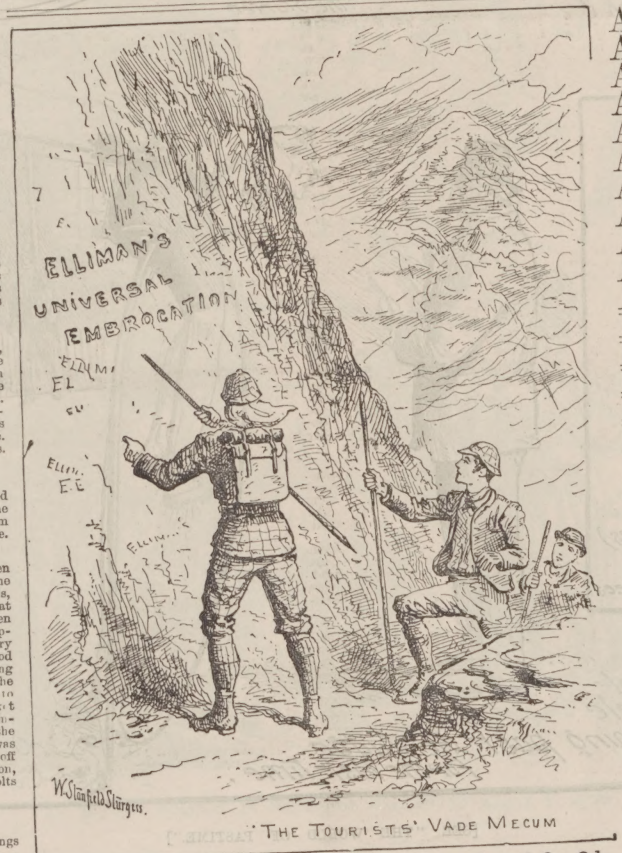
Amphion

ought to win the Lancashire Plate at Manchester. He is far in front of Surefoot, Sainfoin, and Co., and will, I expect, prove superior to Memoir. He was unluckily left out of many great engagements requiring nominations, on account of yearlings.

Mrs. Langtry was at the Paris Autumn Meeting on Sunday last.

The AuropHone.—The Deaf may Hear.—The Auropbone is a new scientific invention of an invisible apparatus to be worn in the ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by anyone, and will almost invariably restore hearing to anyone not stone deaf. It can be tested, absolutely free of cost, at the Auropbone Co.'s Rooms, 39, Baker-street, London. Pamphlet sent free and post paid.—[Advt.]

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The Surrey Bicycle Club's Meeting

AT KENNINGTON OVAL.



An Umpire is not a nice thing to run into, what do you think?



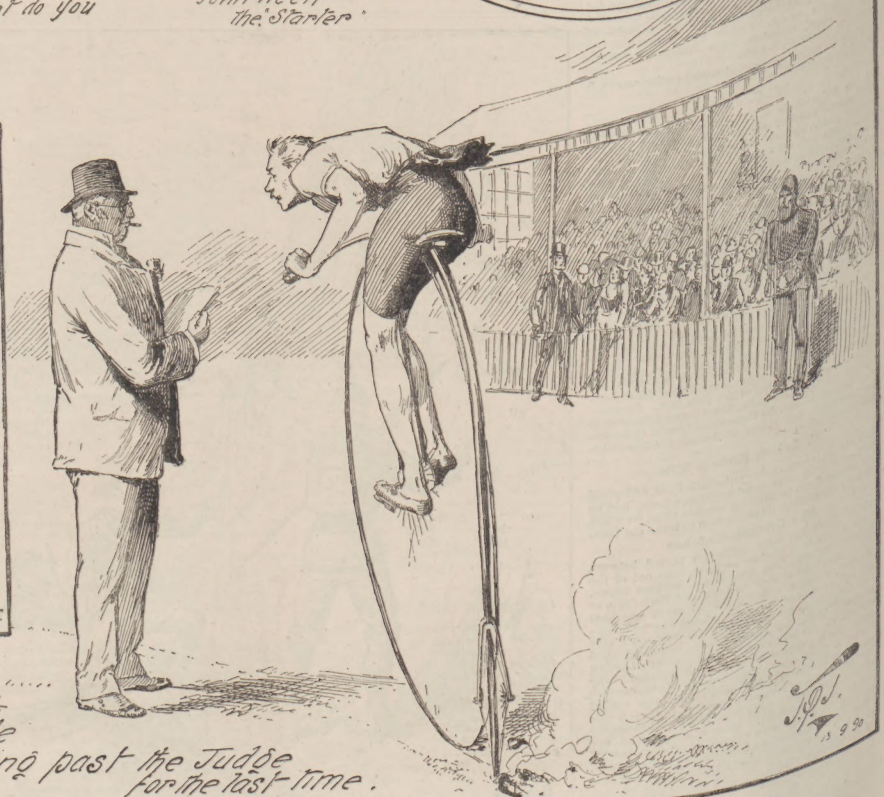
John Keen the Starter



Little Williams wins his Heat in the Mile Safety Handicap



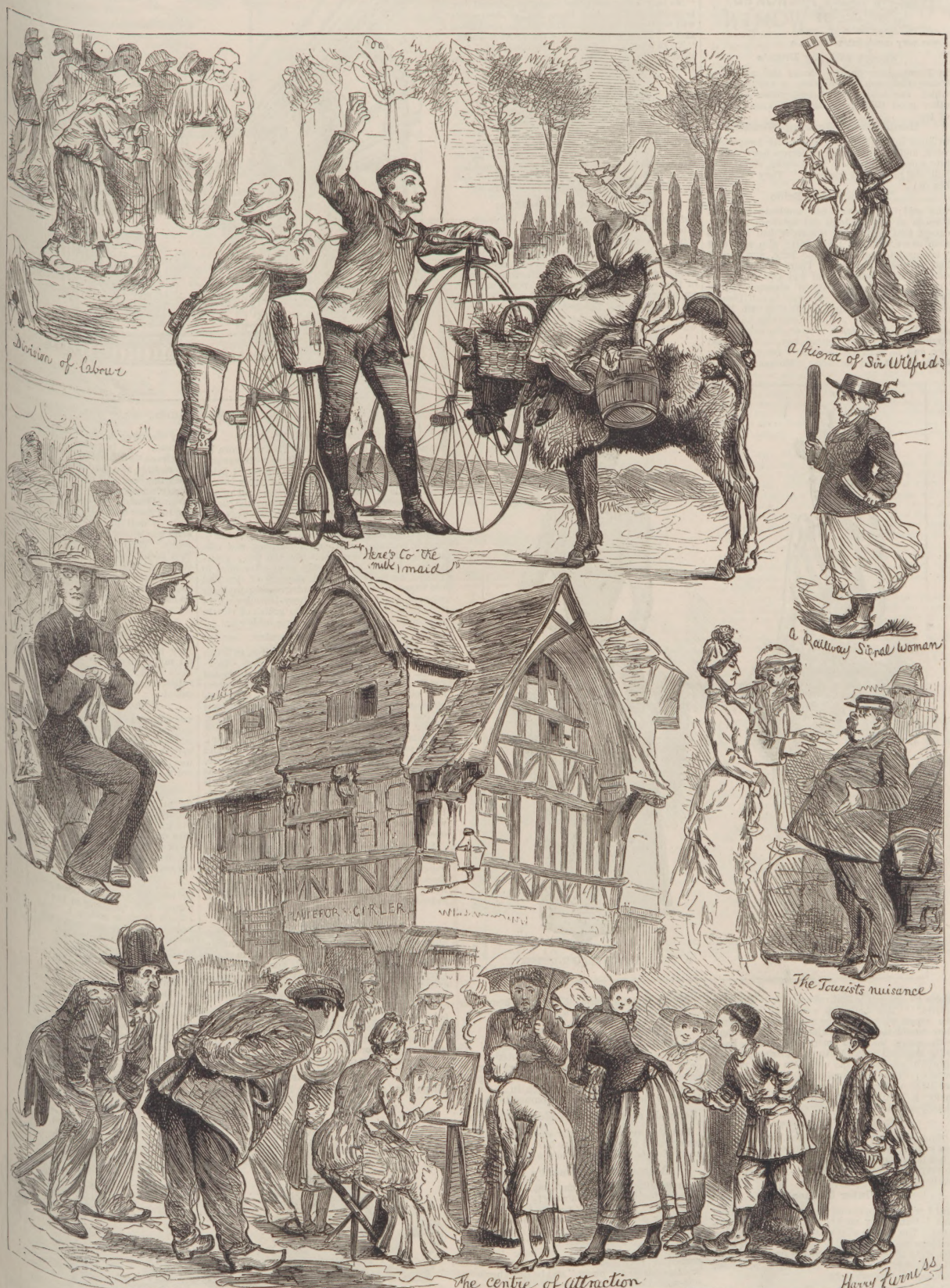
F. J. B. Archer (Catford C.C.) Who made a new Quarter Mile (Grass) Record. Time 37⅖ secs.



Osmond winner of the 10 Miles Bicycle Race going past the Judge for the last time.

C. HENTSCHEL Sc.

[SEE "THE WORLD OF PASTIME."]



AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY IN NORMANDY.—DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I was very much interested in a

Speech of Lady Dilke's

in Birmingham on the 9th of this month on Trade Unionism for Women, a subject upon which she holds very strong views. Among other good things, she said she knew enough of the

Hardships of Working Women

to know how difficult it was to save twopence a week, and she entreated her hearers not "to rush into a union when there was a strike, and then to bolt the moment it was over." They reminded her of

The American Bride

who said: "I never knew anybody leave off tobacco as fast as John did *before* we married, except that he took to it a great deal faster as soon as we were!" Lady Dilke also said that "labour had gone short too long, and capital had had the best of it." There was once, she said, "a fond mamma who had two children—Tommy and Maria. When mamma had a beautiful cake, or fruit, she used to call Tommy and say: 'Now, Tommy, divide that with Maria in a Christian spirit.' That meant that he was to give Maria the biggest half of the cake or the apple. Tommy was a good boy, a very good boy, and he went on bearing it for a very long time, but at last he said: 'Mamma, mayn't Maria go and divide that cake now in a Christian spirit?'" Her Ladyship wound up by saying she hoped when next she came to Birmingham they would have a Working Women's Union, with many thousand members. Both Lady Dilke and Sir Charles Dilke are untiring in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poorest members of the community. Their lives, indeed, are lives of practical benevolence. Many and many a kindly act of gracious, unobtrusive charity might be put to their credit.

St. Martin's Summer.

Summer at last! At least it is summer as I write, but what it may be when these lines are in print, a few days hence, who can tell, our climate being so very fickle? The cold August we had actually made people think about

Winter Clothes,

and I see furs appearing in many of the shops. But I think they may be put aside again for a time. The people who write about the coming fashions are beginning to throw out hints as to the style which is to be in vogue for the winter. The straight, habit-like skirt is, I am told, doomed, and we are to be

Draped and Fussy

once more. "Cap-like bonnets, feather collars, short straight cloaks (and very ugly they are, in my opinion), bunchy puffed-out hips, and long trailing trains," these are what we have before us. Long trailing trains may suit people who go about the world in carriages, but they are not suitable for the million or so of women who have to walk, or get about in omnibuses and by "Underground." It amuses me to read in a

Fashion Article:—

"No lady's dress will be complete without her beautiful sets of good furs; but, of course, all will studiously avoid quantities of the commoner kinds." Now, if the writer of the above had said: "No rich woman's dress will be complete," &c., there would be no need to cavil; but there are in London at this moment simply

Hundreds of Ladies—

and by "ladies" I mean women of gentle birth—well educated and refined, who could not afford to buy even one set of good fur—no, not to save their lives; and we really want someone capable of designing suitable garments for these poor ladies. It is absurd for a woman who has to struggle along on eighty or a hundred pounds a year—perhaps even less—to wear gowns and mantles of the same fashion as those worn by

Mrs. or Miss Money-Bags;

but, such is the tyranny of fashion, she is driven into it, and those who resist and think for themselves are very few indeed. This tyranny of fashion is never more apparent than in wedding-clothes. Many a girl who is not rich, and about to marry a man with a small professional income of two or three hundred a year, spends as much upon her wedding-gown as would keep her house for three months. Because rich Miss Smith wore duchesse satin trimmed with real lace when she was married,

Poor Miss Jones

must needs do the same, instead of wearing the pretty simple gown for which she exchanges her elaborate wedding-garment, about an hour after the ceremony. And what a

"White Elephant"

that wedding-gown turns into bye-and-bye! It is much too fine to be worn at any of the very quiet parties at which the bride appears after her honeymoon; and there it lies useless, wrapped up in tissue paper and very much in the way. Very few girls have the moral courage to be

Sensible about their Wedding-Clothes.

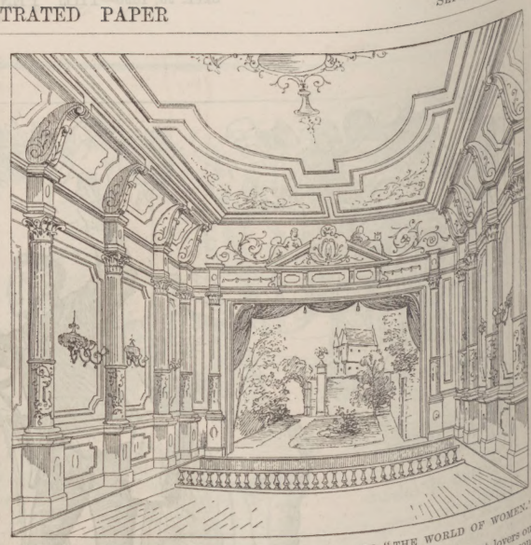
But this remark certainly does not apply to some recent weddings I have been reading about in the *Lady's Pictorial*. Note the

Becoming Bridesmaid's Dress

I am permitted to copy from that attractive and popular journal of the fair sex! Would it not be useful to wear at any time? Sure, and this particular dress was worn at a delightful Irish wedding. Isn't it proverbial that Irish women make the best of wives? Very well, then! As the saying goes, let us hope this one particular marriage will make many! The bridesmaids were "purty," and be sure they were soft-voiced enough to make admirable spouses. What did they wear? Why, charmingly tasteful and bewitchingly *chic* dresses of embroidered cashmere, trimmed with mauve ribbons; and white straw hats, embellished with mauve feather pompons and strings; and they carried bouquets of shaded roses, which, with their diamond-and-ruby brooches, were the gifts of the happy bride-groom. Credit for these sensible bridesmaids' costumes should be given where it is due—to Mr. Alfred Manning, Grafton-street, Dublin.



BRIDESMAID'S COSTUME. A BRIDE'S TRAVELLING-DRESS.



THE PATTI THEATRE, CRAIG-Y-NOS, BRECONSHIRE.—SEE "THE WORLD OF WOMEN."

A Rational Travelling-Dress

for a bride now claims notice. This was worn by a charming young bride after a Bayswater wedding. How captivating the youthful bride did look in her bridal dress of ivory satin, with girdle of orange-blossoms, and trail of the same flowers reaching to the end of the train, wearing also a wreath of orange-blossoms, and a tulle veil! Her travelling-dress consisted of a green tailor-made cloth gown, with velvet hat to match, trimmed with cock's feathers, and also with cock's-feathers boa. By the way, gratifying as it may be to newly wedded couples to be sped on their way with showers of rice and old slippers, it is rather embarrassing to them when they note a fellow railway-traveller's eyes twinkle at sight of the tell-tale grains of rice in the brim of the conscious-looking bride's hat.

Adelina Patti's Theatre

at her pleasant residence at Craig-y-Nos, in South Wales, adjoins the Billiard-room and Clock-tower. This bijou opera-house was constructed for the private and charitable concerts and operas and plays the most popular prima donna of our times rejoices to give for charitable purposes or for the entertainment of her many friends. White, of London, painted the act-drop, which consists of a portrait of Madame Patti-Nicolini, in the part of Semiramide, driving a chariot and pair of horses. The little gem of a theatre, designed by Messrs. Bucknall and Jennings, was built by Mr. H. Smith, of Kidderminster; it is electric-lighted, by the Wenham Light Company; and the scenery was painted by Mr. Walter Hann. It was privately opened on Aug. 21, with a performance of Mr. W. F. Hulley's comic opera of "The Coastguard."

I have already mentioned the series of letters which have been coming out in one of the daily papers about matrimonial agencies. Along with them for a while were letters upon the subject of living out of London; and it was very amusing indeed to read the

Different Opinions.

The advocates for country life were not nearly as numerous as those of the town; and it was amusing to note how each writer praised the locality in which he or she happened to be settled. For my own part, I very much prefer London to the country, and I even prefer London itself to any of the suburbs. I have also the bad taste to prefer the north side of Hyde Park to the south. It is far more bracing, for one thing, and it is prettier for another—at least, parts of it are. The prettiest suburbs, to my mind, are St. John's Wood, South Hampstead, and Bedford Park.

I am sure many of my readers are

Fond of Pets.

I hope they are. I have just been reading two very charming books which all pet-lovers ought to read. One is called "Wild Nature won by Kindness," by Mrs. Brightwen: it is very interesting, and the descriptions of her darling Dick the First and Richard the Second—are very pretty. Richard the Second was a very clever bird. If he dropped a piece of meat upon the sanded floor of his cage, he would pick it up and rinse it well in his water trough until the sand was washed off; he then ate it up with the relish. The chapters on robins are, perhaps, the best of all, but the book is worth reading through. The other little book is by Mr. Lewis Carrington, the artist, and it is an account of his dog "Teufel the Terrier." A great many of us have seen this dear,

Clever Dog

in pictures by Mr. Carrington at the Royal Academy exhibitions, and the account of him is very interesting and touching. I recommend all my readers who are dog-lovers to get the little book. Apropos of books, I came across rather an amusing little volume the other day called

"Bad Breaks in Good Form,"

a few hints to society sinners, with, on the title-page, the motto "And we have-done those things which we ought not to have done." I could not help thinking that to call the book "Bad Breaks" was a specimen of the things the compiler ought not to have done. It is simply

Slang

for mistakes, or rather solecisms of speech or manner. Some of these mistakes are very funny. For instance, we are told "Fight shy of the man with the gaudily lined overcoat," and that "Six o'clock p.m. is the earliest hour at which the dress suit may make its appearance. It should always be worn

After this Hour,

by married men and those whose social duties require their mingling in the society of women. I think there is rather a "bad break" in the wording of that sentence. On another page I came upon the following. It is rather too sweeping, but not without

A Modicum

of truth. "A woman's conceit and ignorance may be told by the height of her heels and the shape of her shoe. The broader the shoe, the broader the mind, and the higher the heel, the more lack of balance—mental and physical. In the chapter on speech it is interesting to learn that the big D— is the "only swearing permitted a gentleman. Anything beyond this is vulgar, and that "the term 'dirty' applied to soiled clothes, gloves, &c., is very inelegant, to say the least."

MARGUERITE.



CLOSE OF THE CHESS CONGRESS: "CHECKMATE!"

BOOK-LOVERS' GOSSIP.

Charles Lamb's Home.

I see there have been some pleasant references in the papers lately to Charles Lamb's connection with the East India House. Anything and everything about Lamb is interesting. He is one of our greatest authors, and he is, moreover, one of the most [illegible] of men. Carlyle did, indeed, speak and [illegible] contemptuously of him as "foolish, drunken Lamb." Well, it must be sorrowfully admitted that there were times when Lamb was foolish, and there [illegible] times when Lamb was intoxicated. [illegible] home very smoky and drinky last [illegible] are words which occur only too often in Mary Lamb's letters. It is said that on one occasion he [illegible] clinging to the railings of a house in which he saw a happy family around the parlour fire, and [illegible] again and again with might and main—"d—d party in a parlour." This was but a reference to "Peter Bell":—

Wordsworth's Curious Lines

Is it a party in a parlour,
[illegible] crammed as they on earth were crammed,
Some drinking punch, some drinking tea,
And, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all d—d?

[illegible] however, who saw Lamb standing at those area [illegible] would certainly have pronounced him drunk [illegible] foolish. But, in spite of it all, what a good, noble-hearted man he was! I was at Edmonton the other day, and stood reverently before the cottage in which he passed so many years of his life, and where he devoted himself with so much self-sacrifice to the sister whose temporary insanity had caused her mother's death. There was a love episode in Lamb's life at one time, but it is believed that he deliberately put it on one side in order to act thus [illegible] to Mary Lamb, who would otherwise [illegible] been confined in an asylum. How often do we hear of such self-sacrifice as this? Would Carlyle have shown anything akin? By all means let us do honour to Carlyle's many characteristics of manliness and independence, but a great gulf separated him, it may be, from

Lamb's Unselfishness.

[illegible] Lamb was a great writer. To know his [illegible] There is a charming little edition of them [illegible] by Messrs. Chatto and Windus for two [illegible] to have at command an inexhaustible [illegible] humorous, and tender sayings. Do you know "[illegible]"? Do you know the story of the [illegible] Superannuated Man, of the [illegible] Children, of the South Sea House, of [illegible] It is most probable that you do, but, if not, make haste to become acquainted with them. It is late in the day, I shall be told, to be praising Lamb. No. [illegible] the other day I was in a second-hand bookshop, and the bookseller showed me a shelf of poetry by obscure writers. "Who buys all this rubbish?" I said. "The truth is," was the reply, "that it is bought by

The Better Class of Mechanics,

who come in here and look round and take away a shilling's-worth or two-shillings'-worth at a time. They want their reading *directed* sadly." "Yes, I wish I could get at your mechanic customers," I said. "You may buy Milton and Shelley in three-penny volumes, Lamb and Goldsmith, and a host of other great writers, for a shilling or eighteen pence, and you spend your money on the miserable refuse of foolish minds. But to return to Lamb. He is buried by the side of his beloved sister in Edmonton churchyard, and a simple stone tells of his heroism and goodness. It should be a place of pilgrimage for all who love good literature.

TATLER.



LAMB'S COTTAGE AT EDMONTON.

LEGAL COLUMN.

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*

Correspondents are requested to observe the rule as to furnishing their names and addresses. They are also requested (in cases in which they do not desire to have their own names published) to give some other name than "Constant Reader," for this title often has to appear more than once in the same issue. Some initials or letters could always be given.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EQUITY.—The husband cannot be made liable, assuming, of course, there is an assignment of the equity of redemption to the wife alone.

WRIT.—The mortgagee can proceed to enforce his security as your letter suggests, or, if the mortgage contain the usual covenant to repay the principal at a certain date, and that date has passed and the principal is still unpaid, the mortgagee can sue the mortgagor personally upon the covenant for repayment, unless the mortgage contains some provision requiring notice before action. Such a provision is very rarely, if ever, inserted.

FRED must be content with a month's rent, and can only sue in respect of the premises if there have been wilful damage.

LAND.—This is probably a case of an illegal lottery, and, therefore, an unlawful contract, in which case no money can generally be recovered. But even if the contract be a perfectly legal one, it would be impossible to advise you upon the subject without seeing the documents, and you should consult a solicitor and show them to him.

WILLIAMS.—You can issue execution if the defendant have any goods, or you can apply for a summons against a person ("garnishee") who owes him money, in order to attach the money. Or if neither of these remedies be available, you may issue a judgment summons. But you must then be able to show that the defendant has, apparently, some means, or had the means to pay at the time the summons was issued.

ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—You had better wait and see whether a summons is issued against you for the money, and then raise the points as to age and otherwise mentioned in your letter.

X. Y.—Ordinary penny receipt-stamps will do; but you should receive back the small receipts for the separate instalments when you give the other, or at least make it appear, upon the second receipt, that it is for the same amount as the first receipts.

A. B.—Write the Inspector of Nuisance, and ask him to take proceedings. If, as is probable, the local Acts enable summary proceedings to be taken to suppress a nuisance of this kind, the public authority should take them for you.

A PENNY.—Theoretically, you can apply in person to tax a solicitor's bill, but it would not pay a person whose time is of any value to attempt to do this himself; and as the bill is only one for £10, we should advise "A Penny" to consult a solicitor before he decides to do anything in the matter.

LEX.



IMPORTANT CAUTION.

LADIES

ARE

PARTICULARLY CAUTIONED

TO ASK FOR

"BEETHAM'S"

GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER

The wonderful reputation this article has obtained for SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION has induced many unprincipled persons to put up numerous preparations which they *call* "Glycerine and Cucumber," but which in reality contain no Cucumber at all, and are often poisonous preparations of lead and other minerals.

It entirely removes and prevents all

ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c.,

SOON RENDERS THE

SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE,

And preserves it from the effects of exposure to the Sun, Wind, or Hard Water, &c., more effectually than any other known preparation.

No Lady who values her complexion should ever be without it, as it is INVALUABLE at all Seasons for keeping the Skin Soft and Blooming. It is perfectly harmless, and may be applied to the tenderest infant.

Beware of Injurious Imitations. **"Beetham's"** is the only genuine.

Bottles—1s., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM & SON,

CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.



The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,

By J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE FINEST STONES EVER PRODUCED.

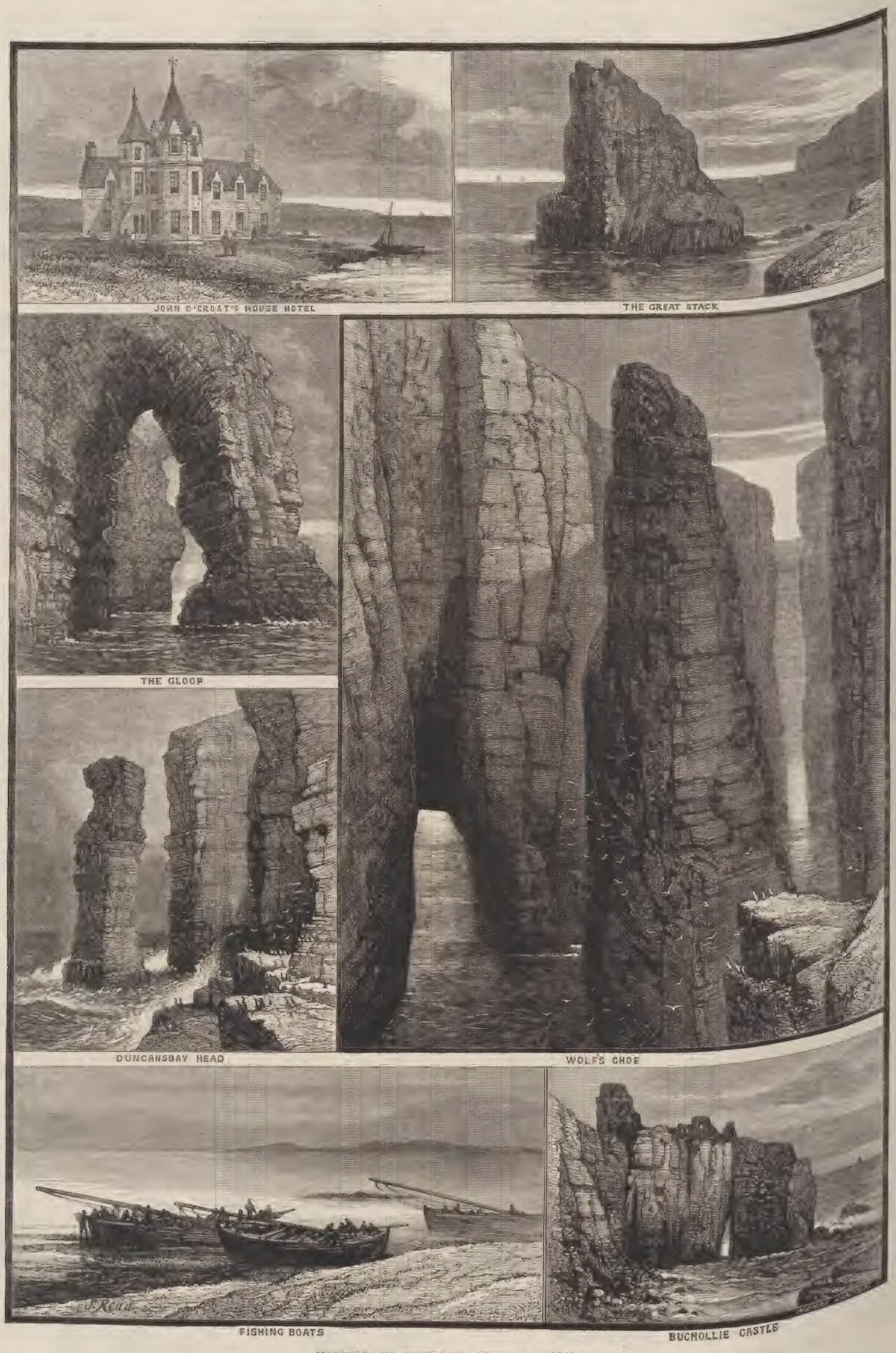
REGISTERED.



These magnificent Stones are set in GOLD, and made by most experienced workmen; detection impossible; and I defy the BEST JUDGES to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre are most marvellous, and equal to Brilliants worth TWENTY GUINEAS, the Stones being real Crystals, and splendidly faceted. They will resist every possible diamond test. Much worn for Court and other occasions. Testimonials from all parts of the world. These stones are rapidly gaining great reputation and have been awarded Three Prize Medals from the great Exhibitions. The Public are earnestly invited to INSPECT our marvellous selection now ON VIEW, which astonishes all Visitors. Catalogues Post Free.

NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the Sole Importer and Manufacturer—ARTHUR O. FAULKNER, 167, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. Established 1860. Two doors from Burlington Street. NOTE.—No AGENTS EMPLOYED.

*** NOTE.—Beware of Worthless Imitations and Copies of my Engravings.



HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND: JOHN O' GROAT'S.

THE PRINCE IN SCOTLAND.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is in the best of good health and spirits, everyone will be glad to know, enjoyed the St. Leger week at Doncaster, and then proceeded to Scotland, doubtless much to the gratification of the Princess and of his family, of whom he is the life and soul.

The Prince arrived at Abergeldie Castle last Saturday afternoon. His Royal Highness, who travelled by the East Coast train from York, reached Aberdeen about eight o'clock in the morning, and breakfasted in one of the station waiting-rooms, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. Afterwards the Prince, who was accompanied by Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., went up Deeside by a special train, and, being met at Ballater Station by a carriage and pair, drove along the north side of the river Dee to Abergeldie. At Ballater he was received by the guard of honour in attendance during her Majesty's stay at Balmoral.

Fond of sport, the Prince gives himself up with characteristic earnestness to the pastime of deerstalking while he is in Scotland. It is this hardy recreation he is depicted as enjoying with some congenial friends. Especially attached to his amiable and unaffected eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, the Prince is certain to have experienced particular plasure in meeting Princess Louise and his cheery son-in-law once again.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SCOTLAND: DEERSTALKING.

IN NORTH SCOTLAND.

John o' Groat's.

There has this year been quite a rush of southern tourists to Scotland, the beauties of which have been highly appreciated by those with purses full enough to bear without wincing the frequently exorbitant charges of Sandy. John o' Groat's has been the Ultima Thule of not a few visitors; and John o' Groat's, therefore, deserves to be delineated in the *Penny Illustrated Paper.*

The traditions of Scottish local history are apt to betray a mixed flavour of the mythical and conjectural elements, which infect the supposed

Origin of John o' Groat's.

It is said that, once upon a time, in the reign of one King James—though little did the hardy Norsemen of Caithness regard the Royal Court of Edinburgh—a certain Dutchman, who may have been an honest man, but who might have been a smuggler, if Customs officers had then existed in those remote parts, landed at the extreme north point of Great Britain. His name was John de Groot, and he may possibly have been an ancestral kinsman of the learned scholar and philosopher Grotius, whose proper name was Hugo de Groot, and who lived in good time to write upon theology and international law.

John de Groot,

whatever he was by trade, found means to erect a dwelling-house on the shore of the Pentland Firth, looking across to the Orkneys; but there is nothing of it to be seen in these days, only some mounds of turf, which may or may not cover the ruins of the ancient building. The house, it is said, was a polygon of nine sides, with nine doors, opening to "all the airts the wind can blaw." This was a kind and thoughtful contrivance of John's for the peaceful entertainment of

His Eight Cousins,

who used to come together and visit him once a year. They were so confoundedly jealous of each other that none would enter the house after a preceding guest. It was needful to let them in all at once, and John was good enough to make a door for every one, besides one for himself. He also provided a dinner-table, cut with nine sides, at which every man could fancy himself at the head of the board. This generous cousin and host, we fear, must have found his own dwelling rather too airy and draughty in the winter months, when the bleak blasts of the North Sea came rattling at its nine doors; but he consoled his solitude, no doubt, with the Schiedam of his native Holland, if not with Scottish whisky, and so he lived in health and wealth until he naturally died.

That famous place, the Northern Land's End of Great Britain, has lately been made commodious for the resort of summer tourists by the establishment of a neighbouring

Hotel,

a rather stately mansion, in the Scottish baronial style of architecture, which is shown among our Illustrations. The others display the most striking features of the cliff scenery at Duncansbay Head, with the detached fragments of old red sandstone rock called the Stacks, a mile or two east of John o' Groat's, the "Gloop," and one of the "Ghoes," or deep hollows, cut by the ocean waves far into the cliff, which are peculiar to this coast of Caithness. They are described in that very interesting volume

"The Life of Robert Dick,"

baker, of Thurso, a self-taught geologist and botanist, written by Dr. S. Smiles. But these "ghoes," or "gyoes," seem to resemble, on a much larger scale, some of the picturesque features of the New Red Sandstone cliffs on the south-east coast of Devonshire, from Exmouth to Sidmouth, which are rendered beautiful, in a milder climate, by the masses of creeping plants and thickets of various bushes that fill their sheltered recesses.

Our Artist

has also introduced a Sketch of the romantic piece of ruin called Bucholie Castle, on the east coast of Caithness, which rivals the more famous tower of Castle Girnigoe, on the Noss, a short distance from the seaport town of Wick, which retains kindly and grateful recollections of the public-spirited representation of its burghs in Parliament by Sir John Pender, certainly one of those eminent representative men who ought to be re-elected for the House of Commons.

CYCLE & CAMERA

I am moved this morning to write a short—a very short—sermon, taking some of my late

French Experiences

as a sort of text. If, as a rule, we can beat the French cyclist on the track, there is one particular, at least, in which he beats us very badly. This is the way in which he holds himself on his machine. The tendency of the Englishman to lean over his work, which is growing worse every day, threatens, in the end, to counteract many of the best physical effects of the sport. What could be uglier than the appearance of the average rider, bent almost double, his back rounded, his elbows sticking far out? On the ordinary and on the tricycle, nowadays, as on the safety, you see the same distorted, deformed figure. And not only is this position, now so much in vogue, ugly, but it is really dangerous to the cyclist's health. The contraction of the chest and lungs is no light matter, but may, in the end, develop into an evil far greater in proportion than the good derived from healthy exercise in the open air. It is pure carelessness, or laziness, that has made the great majority of riders so indifferent to their own physical welfare and personal appearance. There are times when one must lean over one's work, and the rider who has learned that he goes up hill more easily by leaning far forward and rounding his back, thinks that on a level also he lessens his work by retaining this position. Every now and then the cycling papers exclaim against the growing evil: it would do no harm were they to devote a leader to it every week.

It is a relief, on going from England into France, to see Frenchmen riding: they hold themselves so erect and look so well that one realises there is absolutely no reason why cycling should not be as graceful, and show the human figure to as much advantage, as any other branch of athletic sports. What Greek sculptor, if he could see the modern English cyclist, would want to immortalise him in marble as he did the quoit-player or wrestler of old? It may be that the Frenchman when he rides is more self-conscious than the Englishman; he may think far more of the effect he is making. I have seen a party of five or six descend, with great tooting of horns, upon a quiet French village, and spend an hour or so riding through its streets and the near roads, for no other reason, apparently, than to show themselves. Englishmen would be ashamed to "show off" so openly, no matter how much they might like to. But one good result of this self-consciousness on the part of French riders is that they do not allow themselves to become careless in their manner of riding. They want, not merely to get as much pleasure out of their day's run as they can, but to appear to the very best advantage; and, as far as appearances go, there is no doubt that they at present carry off the palm from their English rivals.

It may be suggested that a sermon of this kind is out of place just now that the riding season is virtually almost over. But during the late autumn and throughout the winter one has plenty of opportunities for short runs, and a ride of a few miles will give the cyclist who has acquired the bad habit of sitting doubled up on his machine an excellent chance of getting out of it before next summer. For my part, I wish an Act of Parliament could be passed compelling every cyclist to "sit up," under penalty of the law. Those who have a home trainer for the winter months have absolutely no excuse for not getting into good practice.

I want to add a word to what I said about cameras last week. It is unwise to get cheap ones, simply because they can be easily carried. It is useless extravagance in the end. Sometimes they don't work at all, or else they get out of order almost at once. The prevailing fashion of photography has led to the invention of no end of cheap cameras, and novices in the art had far better rely upon the advice of experts than upon too glowing advertisements.

Why, by the way, does not some cycling Muybridge make a series of instantaneous photographs of the action of the cyclist—that is, of the cyclist who knows how to ride? It would be of enormous value, and would teach more about ankle action and the correct way of working a machine than all the handbooks and primers that could be written. Mr. Sturmey and Mr. Shipton could not make better use of their cameras than to work out the scheme I now suggest. With the continually increasing number of cyclists, there might be "millions in it."

Two Americans have written to me that they have just started out on a tricycle ride through the south of England over the route I, not very many weeks ago, briefly outlined here: by way of Guildford, Winchester, the Black Forest, Salisbury, and thence into Devon and Somerset. They could not make a more delightful tour, and they will learn more about England by cycling through this one district than they could by rushing over the whole country by rail.

Next month cycling dinners and social entertainments begin again, and the winter of the sport will have set in. Then, perhaps, even more than in the summer, does the cyclist realise the advantage of belonging to a good club. My absence from town has kept me from hearing what the committee of the new Club House on Queen Anne's-gate have been doing, but I hope they have opened their premises, as they expected to this month.

N.C.U.

MR. CARNEGIE AND THE QUEEN.

"Hack my heart into as many pieces as there are checks in the tartan," exclaimed

Mr. Andrew Carnegie

in the course of his speech in accepting the freedom of the burgh of Inverness on Sept. 12, "in every part there will still be found the charmed name—Scotland." That he loved the Republic which had conferred upon him every privilege went without saying. He would not be true to the Celtic blood that flowed through his veins if he were capable of receiving the benefits that the Republic had conferred upon him without admiring it, and standing ready to defend it. But this affection was no more inconsistent with love for his native land than was the affection and love for a wife inconsistent with that of love for a mother. His dearest wish was that he might be able to do something to bring these two great branches of the

English-speaking Race

into the closest harmony—the closest union with each other, for upon that union he believed the future progress of the world largely depends. Mr. Carnegie went on to say that he thought that society should place its brand of disapproval upon the rich man who failed to perform his duties to the community during his life. The legacy duties in all lands should be rapidly increased. Already the State of Pennsylvania exacted 10 per cent. at death from the misers who hoard.

The Richest Man

in all the world died in New York not long ago—a member of the only family in the Republic which had possessed great wealth for four generations. He left to his own family his enormous fortune, which was acquired simply because the farm which the grandfather purchased became a part of the city of New York. He was publicly denounced from the pulpits as having set a bad example in so doing, and lived an unworthy life, and his name was now a term of reproach. He (Mr. Carnegie) thought that was a sign of the coming of the day which he had prophesied when the millionaire, dying possessed of the enormous sums which were free and his to administer during his life,

Would Die Disgraced.

Subsequently, the company adjourned to the Free Library buildings, where, under the presidency of Provost Ross, cake and wine were served. The toast of the Queen was enthusiastically pledged, Mr. Carnegie joining in the bumper. On the motion of Sir H. C. MacAndrew, the health of the President of the United States and of the youngest burgess was pledged with Highland honours.

The Queen Lauded.

Mr. Carnegie (who is one of the noblest and most liberal of philanthropists America has produced) made a long speech in reply, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to refer to the feelings of respect with which the name of her Majesty was received in America. At all representative gatherings and public assemblies where Scotsmen were present, he said the toast was duly honoured, and the health of no foreign potentate was drunk with one tithe of the enthusiasm as that of that good woman the Queen. (Cheers.) He congratulated them upon having such a Queen to drink to and wish long life to—(cheers)—because it had been so seldom their privilege to have such a good and noble monarch. (Cheers.)

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

JULES GAUTIER'S DIVE.

Shortly after four o'clock last Monday afternoon a man was seen to mount the parapet of London Bridge, near Fresh Wharf, and plunge into the stream. He was attired in a tight-fitting bathing costume, and as he took the dive it was seen that his hands were bound together, as also were his legs just above the ankle. He quickly rose to the surface, and commenced swimming towards a boat which was in waiting for him. It afterwards transpired that the man's name was Jules Gautier, the champion French swimmer, who has accomplished some very good swims with his hands and feet bound.

ASPERITIES OF DEBATE.

The Speaker (to the member for Ballyhooley, who has just called the gentleman from Killaloe an ass): "Does the hon. member for Ballyhooley withdraw the epithet?"

M.P. for Ballyhooley: "I withdraw the language, Mr. Speaker, but maintain that the mimber for Killaloe is not in order."

The member for Killaloe: "How am I out of order?"

M.P. for Ballyhooley: "Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you."

THE NATURAL INFERENCE.

Stranger: "Madam, I am a literary man."

She (whose husband is an author): "Sorry, but I haven't any change about me."

TWO WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

"Did your husband die happily?"

"Yes, he died—happily."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Adams: "Well, Jones, been getting drunk again?"

Jones (angrily): "That 's *my* business."

Adams (pleasantly): "So I understand."



AN EASY CAPTURE.

Boatswain.—"How d' yer ketch him, Bill?"

Bill.—"Didn't ketch him. He walked right up to me, an' asked me how I got my tail cut off."

BALLOON ASCENT WITH A HORSE.

Ten thousand persons assembled in the Sternecker Park at Weissensee on Sunday to witness a new departure in balloon ascents, which had been advertised by an aëronaut named Damm. For the usual car Damm substituted a live horse, which he fastened to the balloon by means of grappling-straps. He proposed to ascend on the animal's back to a height of a thousand feet. The balloon was inflated and the horse secured to it, but when Damm got into the saddle the police interfered. They refused to allow the extraordinary experiment, and, much to the disappointment of the huge crowd, Damm was compelled to dismount and liberate the horse. Subsequently he made a highly successful parachute descent.

MAJOR SERPA PINTO ASSAULTED.

The rising of Senhor Hintze Ribero, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the Portuguese Cortes on Monday, to move the adoption of the Anglo-Portuguese Convention and to read to the House various modifications framed by the Government to disarm the popular opposition to certain provisions of the treaty, was the signal for an extraordinary uproar on the part of the Progressist minority, who hooted and hissed the Minister, altogether drowning his voice, and compelling him to stop speaking. In the midst of the tumult Major Serpa Pinto rose from his place and shouted to the Progressists, "Hold your tongues!" One of the Progressist deputies, a priest named Brandao, thereupon threw himself upon the Major, who defended himsely with his fists. A regular hand-to-hand struggle ensued, the disturbance reaching such a pitch that the President declared the sitting suspended.

The Cortes subsequently adopted a resolution to the effect that all the Portuguese African explorers should be declared to have deserved well of the country.

The Republican Press, in discussing the question, is particularly violent in its language: it accuses the King and his Ministers of having sold their country to England, and it openly excites the people and the army to shoot down the traitors and free the country from them.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

"Papa," cried a little seven-year-old, "I want some money to get"—

"Don't go any further," he interrupted, throwing down a coin.

The child came slowly up to him, after pocketing the money, and barely touched his cheek with a kiss.

"Humph," ejaculated the parent, "from the kiss you gave I should judge that you don't appreciate it very much."

She caught hold of his hands, and, looking squarely into his eyes, solemnly said—

"Do you expect a five-shilling kiss for sixpence?"

OH!

"But, Sir, to kiss a miss
Is wrong, you see."
"I do not kiss amiss
When I kiss thee."

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The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending Sept. 27:—
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2nd Battalion Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders and Pipers.
London Military Band—Thursday, 25th.
Kneller Hall Band—Saturday, 27th.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
The following events will take place during the week:—
Ascents of Spencer's Great War Balloon.
For Seats in the Car apply to the Hon. Director, Royal Military Exhibition.
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Trooping the Colour, Marching Past, and Musical Drill, &c., by the Boys of the Royal Military Asylum (Duke of York's School).
Display by the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards.
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Display by the 14th Hussars.
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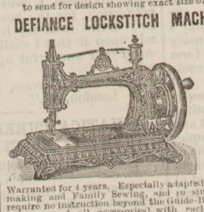
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500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.

150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

WANTED EVERY LADY to send for the WONDERFUL PARCEL, containing: 1 Beautiful Lace Apron (special value), 1 Lace Handkerchief, 6 yards Nottingham Lace, and 12 Engravings. Carriage paid for 1s. 6d. A Packet of Beads presented with every Parcel. W. COTTON, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

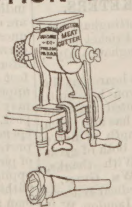
THE PERFECTION MEAT CUTTER.

Equalled by None for FAMILY Use. LATEST, BEST & MOST IMPROVED. No Loose Knives to Sharpen nor to get out of order. Does not press the Juice out of the Meat. Cuts instead of Mashes.

EASY TO PUT TOGETHER. EASY TO TAKE APART. EASY TO CLEAN.

This is NOT simply a Meat Cutter; it does a great variety of work not done by any other Machine. SIMPLE, PRACTICAL, DURABLE, CHEAP.

Can be had from all Leading House-Furnishing Ironmongers. Should you not be able to get the "PERFECTION" from your regular Dealer, he can get it for you from Headquarters.



Cuts not only all kinds of raw and cooked meats, but also a great variety of other substances, such as Suet, Citron, Orange, or Lemon Peel, and all materials for Plum Puddings; Cocoanut, Almonds and Vanilla Beans for Cakes; Chicken, Lobster, &c., for Croquettes; pulverises stale bread and biscuits for frying purposes; cuts vegetables for soup—in fact, cuts almost everything required to be cut fine in the kitchen.

Be sure to ask for and to get the "PERFECTION."

No. 1 cuts 1 lb. per minute		8s. 6d. each.
No. 2 ,, 2 ,, ,,		11s. 6d. ,,
No. 3 ,, 3 ,, ,,		16s. 6d. ,,

SAUSAGE-FILLING ATTACHMENT 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d. extra.

CHAS. CHURCHILL & CO., Ltd., 21, Cross St., Finsbury, London, E.C. Who will also be pleased to send full Descriptive Circulars on Application.

FREE TO ALL

Send a Postcard to-day for a Sample of WILLIAMSON and SONS' BROKEN-LEAF TEA at 1s. 5½d. per lb., and compare it with any 2s. 6d. Tea in the World. The greatest phenomenon of the age in Tea.

Kindly mention this Paper.

WILLIAMSON and SONS, Wholesale Tea Blenders, 139, Upper Thames-st., London, E.C.



AFTER USE. AFTER USE.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS

POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., and 6s. P.O. preferred.

T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

THE SMOKER'S PATENT WALKING STICK.

More Enormous Sacrifices.

Greatest Novelty out. The Entire Stock bought Up. 12s. 6d. Sticks for 6s., post free. Read this carefully.

Each of these handsome Walking Sticks has heavy silver-plated knob top. Pressing a spring reveals in the knob a wax vesta box, another compartment will contain cigarette papers or cards. Unscrewing the knob, a tube draws up which contains a Briar Pipe, another tube reveals an imitation Meerschaum Cigar Holder and a ditto Cigarette Holder. Unscrewing the ferrule of the stick a long tube draws out, containing six different receptacles for cigars. We offer for 28 days only the lot as follows: Silver-Knob Stick, Pipe, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, and all the various ingenious compartments, complete, for 6s., post free. There are only 500, and once sold are gone for ever. Coupon must be sent with order.

P.I.P. COUPON.
Entitles Holder to 1 Patent 12s. 6d. SMOKER'S WALKING STICK for 6s., post free.
J. THEOBALD and COMPANY.

J. THEOBALD and CO., (Established 60 Years), 20, CHURCH STREET, and 7a, BATH PLACE, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented.

Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

Post free, 7d.,

RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by J. A. SHERMAN, Hernial Specialist, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection.—London: GIBBS, SMITH, and Co., 10, High Holborn.

1/6 STYLOGRAPHIC PEN. 1/6



Holds sufficient Ink to write 20,000 words. Each pen is fitted with a silver point, and can be carried in the pocket, always ready for use. Has a regulated flow of Ink, and glides over the paper as smoothly as a pencil. Post free, 1s. 8d.; or Two for 3s. 2d. Larger size, superior finish, post free, 2s. 8d. Trade supplied.

J. G. WEBBER, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

DELIGHTED ARE THE LADIES

who use Allwood's Patent Minerva Taper-headed Double-grooved Needles. EASY to Thread and EASY to Sew with. Samples Free on receipt of Two Stamps from the SOLE MANUFACTURERS of Minerva Needles.

WM. ALLWOOD and SONS, ALCESTER. Established 1796. Sold by Drapers Everywhere.

DEAFNESS CURED

SAFELY, RAPIDLY, and PERMANENTLY USING "EARLENE."

Which has Restored the Hearing of Thousands.

Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Cherry Orchard, Croydon, writes: "Before I used 'EARLENE' I could not hear the trains whistle; but before finishing one bottle I could hear the birds sing in my garden."

Price only 1s. 1½d. a Bottle, of Chemists; or post free 2d. extra, from THOMASSO'S Dépôt, Westminster Bridge-road, London, S.E.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS, ("Tower" Organ Works), 45, Leman-street, London, E. (late 29, Minories). Established 1827.

HAVE YOU A CATALOGUE? "'TIS READY" SHAKESPEARE.

BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT. Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing. S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Reg.). The only safe cure for Stoutness. Send 2s. 6d. to TRILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

THE MAGIC FEMALE PILLS. BEST, SAFEST, and ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY. NEVER FAILS.

Cures Obstructions from any cause. No Pills or Powders like them. These Pills are not made from Steel, Pennyroyal, Bitter Apple, or any such useless or injurious drugs, but from drugs far more efficacious.

Post free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. a Box.

SIGNOR THOMASSO, Westminster Bridge-road, London.

Celandine

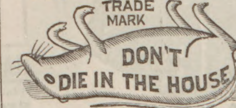
Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials, free; or a Bottle, post free, 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere.

F. Hurrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes:—"'CELANDINE' removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ."

CONTINENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS. Samples of 50, 12 stamps; or 100, 18 stamps, post free. List of Actresses, Actors, Cricketers, Pugilists, Oarsmen, Pedestrians, Jockeys, and Miscellaneous and sample, 2 stamps, post free. BOULOGNE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY, 278, Strand, London, W.C.

GIVEN AWAY with every 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK, the original and only genuine, requiring no heating—a Voucher entitling Purchasers to Name in full or Monogram Rubber Stamp, for marking linen or paper. 41 Gold and other Medals. Royal Ink Maker. Works, 75, Southgate-road, London. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, Name in Rubber, 7½ stamps.

ROUGH ON RATS.



GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed Bugs, Hen Lice, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasels, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels. 7½d. and 1s. Boxes, at Chemists only. Wholesale Agents—F. NEWBERY and SONS, 1, King Edward St., Newgate St., London, E.C.

AT THE SUMMIT DURING 16 DECADES.

BEAUFOYS HOUSEHOLD MALT Vinegars.

Best, Purest & Cheapest Obtainable.

87, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, S.W.

INTERESTING TO CRICKETERS.

MR. W. GUNN, the celebrated Nottingham professional, writing from the County Cricket Warehouse, 14, Carrington-street, Nottingham, July 9, 1890, says:—

"Dear Sir,—You will be glad to hear that the Electropathic Belt I had from you has quite cured the rheumatism that prevented me from playing football last winter, and it has also been of great benefit in sustaining strength of nerve and endurance, which qualities are both of great importance in my profession.—With thanks, yours truly, "WM. GUNN.

"To C. B. HARNESS, Esq., the Medical Battery Co., Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

A BOOK FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

A Little Book of considerable interest to both men and women is published (gratis) by the Medical Battery Co., Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. It is carefully compiled, and contains much valuable information on "The Remarkable Curative Action of Electricity," with a special chapter on Mr. Harness' genuine Electropathic Belt Appliances. Those who cannot call should write at once to the above address before they forget it. A copy, with book of testimonials, will be sent post free on application.

HEALTH WITHOUT PHYSIC.

People frequently wonder how it is that by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt disease may be speedily and effectually exterminated from the system. The fact is that the majority of suffering men and women have, from their very childhood, been so accustomed to fly to nauseous drugs and quack medicines, in the hope of obtaining relief, whenever they have felt unwell, that they are now naturally inclined to doubt the efficacy of so simple and convenient an appliance as this genuine Electric Belt. Let such people once take the trouble to inquire into the matter for themselves, and either call or write, and have its action fully explained to them, and they will no longer be sceptical. The Medical Battery Company, Limited, are the sole proprietors and manufacturers of Harness' Electric Appliances; and all in search of health are cordially invited to call, if possible, at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., and personally inspect the originals or copies of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials they have received.

We do not think that those who act on this advice will have any doubt afterwards regarding the positive healing influences of mild continuous currents of electricity, such as are imperceptibly generated by wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. These curative appliances are light and comfortable in wear, and the practical as well as scientific evidence we have of their remarkable curative efficacy is absolutely indisputable. The Company's consulting officers are only too anxious at all times to answer any questions on the subject, either personally or by correspondence, and we sincerely trust that their efforts to provide suffering humanity with perfect appliances as aids to health, and the most approved methods of electrical treatment, may be amply rewarded in the future as in the past, and that the thousands of pounds they spend annually in advertising may be the means of preventing the intrusion and fraudulent dealings of pirates and vendors of the most useless bogus toy appliances, and bring Harness' genuine Electropathic Belts under the notice of every suffering man and woman in the kingdom.

We may add that those ailments which have been cured already by Mr. Harness' electropathic treatment can be cured again in the same way, and the more obstinate the disease the more anxious the Company's officers are to prove the marked supremacy of electricity over medicine or any other form of treatment. Those of our readers who reside at a distance, or are otherwise unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation, should *cut this notice out*, and write without delay for descriptive illustrated pamphlet and book of testimonials. The latter contains copies of hundreds of letters received from all parts of the country, and from all classes of society, whom they have either relieved or completely cured of various nervous, muscular, and organic affections, including the following:—

Nervous Exhaustion, Physical Debility, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Melancholia, Paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Defective Circulation, Poorness of Blood, Indigestion, Diarrhœa, Liver Complaints, Flatulence, Constipation, Kidney Disorders, Ladies' Ailments, Internal Weakness, Tropical Diseases, Impaired Vitality, Pains in the Back, Weak and Languid Feelings, Chest Complaints, &c.

We wish to impress upon our readers that the Medical Battery Company's only address is the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (at the corner of Rathbone-place), and that during the many years they have been established in London they have succeeded in making their palatial premises the largest and only complete Electro-therapeutic Institute in the world. All communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential, and should be addressed to Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W.

MORE RECENT LETTERS.

Mr. Charles Sibery, 1, Queen-street-lane, Dover, writes, July 9, 1890: "I suffered severely from general debility and chronic indigestion, and on May 12 last procured one of your Electropathic Belts, in the hope of being relieved. I am glad to say that after wearing it a week there was a decided improvement, and that I am now infinitely better. My digestive powers are much stronger, I have less lassitude, and, in fact, I may say that I am on the way to a perfect restoration."

"FEEL INVIGORATED" BY WEARING HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

"1, Boulevard Picpus, Reuilly E.V., Paris, "July 3, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—Since wearing the Electropathic Belt you recommended for my case, my general state of health has much improved. I can now walk double the distance without fatigue, and feel much invigorated. If you desire to make use of my name, I have pleasure in giving you permission, for the benefit that other sufferers may derive from my testimony, and you may rely upon it that I shall do all I can to recommend your wonderful appliances.—Yours faithfully, "L. CLOUET.

"To C. B. HARNESS, Esq., 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

SCIATICA CURED BY WEARING HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

"120, Morley-avenue, Noel Park, Wood "Green, N., July 7, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—I take up my pen with pleasure to thank you for the great benefit my wife has received from the use of your Electropathic Belt, which I purchased from you some two years ago. At that time she had been suffering from acute sciatica for five months. We had tried three doctors, and had, as we thought, given every known remedy a fair trial without any result. When I heard of your Appliances, though very doubtful, after writing to and seeing you, I determined to try your Belt, and the result was marvellous. Strange to say, though my wife had not had a good night's rest for months, and was nearly doubled up with pain, she had, after wearing the Belt for a few hours, an unbroken night's rest, and within forty-eight hours after wearing it, to the wonder of all, she could stand upright, the pain gradually leaving her, and not returning from that day to this. I feel it to be only my duty to record this happy result, in the hope that it may be the means of others who, like myself, were doubtful to write or see you, when I have no doubt you will dispel any such feeling, as you did in my case. My only regret is that I did not see you sooner, and save upwards of ten pounds in worthless medicines. You are at perfect liberty to publish this, and to refer any doubtful ones to me, when I shall be most happy to give fuller particulars. Again thanking you, believe me to remain, yours truly, "GEORGE COPPEY.

"To C. B. HARNESS, Esq., the Medical Battery Company (Ltd.), 52, Oxford-st., London, W."

EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS.

Henry Nelson, Esq., 173, Market-street, Birkenhead, writes: "I suffered from epilepsy for twenty years; but since wearing your Electropathic Belt I have not had a single attack, nor any appearance of my old complaint. My circulation has improved, and I have felt better in every respect."

E. Morris, Esq., writing from 46, Medlock-street, Kirkdale, says: "I procured one of your Electropathic Belts for weak back, indigestion, and a nervous disorder, the result of a fall, and I am glad to say it has already done me a lot of good. My back is better, my appetite is much improved, and I am not so nervous."

Mrs. Lashford, 149, Oxford-lane, Warrington, suffered severely from lumbago pains and rheumatism. She procured one of Harness' Electropathic Belts, and now writes that she is "well satisfied," the appliance having effected "great improvement."

A CITY MERCHANT'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. George Middleton, writing from 66, Holborn-viaduct, explains how one of Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts completely cured him of severe organic weakness and general debility, after the leading London physicians had failed to do him any good. In a long letter of gratitude he describes the result as "astonishing," and says that he now has "a good appetite," is "able to walk in comfort," and gets "good sleep at night." He further states that he will be glad to answer any inquiries, or do anything in his power to bring these genuine and convenient electric appliances more prominently before the notice of his suffering fellow-creatures. Thousands of similar testimonials have been received from all parts of the world and from all classes of society, and copies of some hundreds of them are published in book form, and may be had, with descriptive pamphlet, free by post on application to the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. We may add that this palatial establishment is the largest and only complete electro-therapeutic institute in the world.

IS IT A RUPTURE?

Examine yourselves carefully and make sure. Many persons, without knowing it, suffer from this dangerous affliction, which, if neglected, may at any time become strangulated, causing intense agony, and frequently ending fatally. Seek relief in time; avail yourselves of a free consultation and skilful examination at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Thousands of patients successfully treated annually. If you cannot call at the above address, send for descriptive pamphlet and copies of convincing testimonials.

TO THE WEAK AND LANGUID,

And all who suffer from NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, IMPAIRED VITALITY, BRAIN FAG, SLEEPLESSNESS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY and OTHER ORGANIC TROUBLES, &c.

PAMPHLET, BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS, AND CONSULTATION FREE.

HARNESS' Electropathic Battery BELT

PAMPHLET BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS, AND CONSULTATION FREE.

HAS CURED THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS

Without the aid of poisonous drugs or quack nostrums. If any of our readers doubt the remarkable curative powers of this genuine and convenient appliance, we would ask them to carefully read the following letters, and write for our Book of Testimonials; or, better still, call, if possible, and personally inspect the originals. They will at the same time be able to see the Belts scientifically tested, and have the various curative appliances fully explained to them.

FOR IMPAIRED VITALITY. CALL or WRITE.

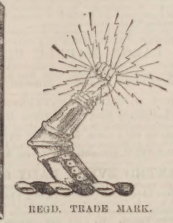


A BOON TO MEN.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS CURED.

MARVELLOUS RECUPERATIVE PROPERTIES.

T. J. RITSON, Esq., writing from 18, Queen's Road, Brighton, says: "Though ten days only have elapsed since I commenced to wear your Electropathic Belt, it nevertheless affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to its most marvellous recuperative properties. That eternal feeling of exhaustion which frequently came upon me after a few hours' mental and bodily work has, even after so short a trial of your Belt, already vanished; in fact, I already feel myself to be a new man, enjoying better health and greater elasticity of mind than I have experienced for many a year. I am recommending your Belts in all directions."



REGD. TRADE MARK.

LADIES' AILMENTS CURED.

Miss S. MILWARD, writing from 19, Ashchurch Terrace, Shepherd's Bush, May 22, 1890, says: "Dear Sir,—I was only a few weeks ago advised to try one of your Electropathic Belts for Debility, Indigestion, and severe pains in the abdomen, which I had experienced at intervals for a very long period, and the effect of your wonderful curative appliance in such a short time has been so satisfactory that I am now only too pleased to acknowledge the relief your Belt has given me. I have got accustomed to it, and, although I am practically well in myself, I am still advised not to discontinue wearing it. I hope you will accept this letter as a testimonial and proof of my gratitude and appreciation of your invention. You are at liberty to use it as you think fit, and I shall always be most happy to give further particulars of my case to any of your lady patients or correspondents who may desire to communicate with me on the subject. I have already recommended your appliances to many of my friends, and shall continue to do so whenever I have an opportunity. I am, dear Sir, yours gratefully.

"To C. B. HARNESS, Esq." "S. MILWARD."

CALL OR WRITE



A BLESSING TO WOMEN.

RHEUMATIC GOUT COMPLETELY CURED.

Mr. ALFRED JAMES, Maltster, Quay-street, Haverfordwest, writes: "I am glad to inform you that the Electropathic Belt I obtained from you a little while back has completely cured me of rheumatic gout."

IMPAIRED VITALITY SPEEDILY RESTORED.

CHAS. POWELL, Esq., of 63, Conway Street, Liverpool, writes: "A month ago I procured one of your Electropathic Belts. I had been suffering severely from want of vital force, physical exhaustion, indigestion, and flatulence, without deriving any material benefit from the several doctors who had treated me. Since wearing your appliance I am glad to say my health has very much improved, the digestive powers are considerably better, and I am altogether much stronger."

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS are light and comfortable to wear, and are guaranteed to imperceptibly generate mild continuous currents of electricity, which cannot fail to do good in every case. They invigorate the debilitated constitution, promote the circulation, give tone to muscles and nerves, and speedily arrest any sign of PREMATURE DECLINE OF VITAL ENERGY.

RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE and all who are unable to call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation should write at once to the **MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited,** for a copy of their descriptive Illustrated Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which may be obtained gratis and post free on application to

MR. C. B. HARNESS, PRESIDENT, THE ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE,

52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

(THE LARGEST AND ONLY COMPLETE ELECTRO-MEDICAL INSTITUTE IN THE WORLD.)